THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For SEPTEMBER, 1800.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 The Shipwrecked Mariners.
2 The Once.
3 An elegant coloured Plate of the latest Fashionable Paris Dress.
4 A new Pattern for a Veil, &c.
5 The Gold and Silk Net-Work Purse, written by Dr. Johnson, adapted to a Popular Scotch Air.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON, No. 25, Pater-noster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Tale entitled "The Three Talismans" is received, and intended for insertion.

The contribution of Periclitator is very evidently a *juvenile* performance, and we fear too imperfect for publication.

The continuation of Emily Veronne in our next.

The Lines sent "On Valentine's Day" are rather out of season.

The Tale of Ethelred and Lavina, by G. C. L. will require revision before it can be inserted.

F's "Eliza" is very incorrect.

G. S.'s Extract is received, as are Lines by A. W. Charade by H. F. and Verses by Amicus.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Shipwrecked Mariners.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1800.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL TANJORE

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN a sea-port town in the west of England, a youth of gentle manners, and distinguished for the openness and sincerity of his disposition, conceived an affection for a maiden not less conspicuous for similar good qualities. They loved reciprocally and tenderly; and, thinking only of their love, would immediately and heedlessly have rushed into the indissoluble bonds of matrimonial union, without bestowing a thought on the means whereby they were to live as well as love. But the relations of John Mowbray were persons who were what is called pretty well to do in the world; and so, likewise, were those who were nearest of kin to Miss Jane Barton. They therefore plied these two eager lovers with a pretty large portion of that prudential advice, which, however cold it felt to their hearts, they could not but admit the propriety of. It was therefore agreed that John Mowbray should make a voyage to the West Indies with his uncle, who was the captain of a ship in that trade, and who offered to do every thing in his power, both for his instruction in the management of a vessel, and for the advancement of his interest. The voyage proved extremely prosperous, and the uncle of young Mowbray acted towards his nephew with so disinterested a friendship, that the latter found himself a considerable gainer by the adventure when all accounts were balanced. With this sum, and the further assistance of his uncle and other friends, Mr. Mowbray was enabled to purchase a vessel of his own, with which he made several short trips, all of which proved successful and profitable; and afterwards a flattering opportunity offering, he again postponed his intended marriage till he should return from another voyage, which, besides the hire of his vessel at a very advantageous rate, he hoped would produce considerable profit by a private adventure, in which he had embarked at once the whole of his own property, and all he could raise upon his credit, now by no means small.

In the mean time his beloved

Jenny,

Jenny, from whom his heart had never swerved, and for whose sake he had thus repeatedly braved all the dangers of the ocean; at whose feet he wished to lay, and with whom he proposed to enjoy all the means of procuring ease and comfort which he might acquire; remained at home, waiting, with no small anxiety, his return—counting the hours, and watching every wind that blew. The uneasiness to which, from this source, her heart was a prey, was still more increased from another circumstance that would not have been considered as afflicting by many young ladies of more brilliant accomplishments. A gentleman, the owner of a large estate in the neighbourhood, attracted by her personal endowments, and the delicacy of her manners, became so much enamoured of her, that he employed every heart of seduction, in the knowledge of which he was by no means deficient, to seduce her from the paths of virtue, and to prevail on her to become his mistress. All his arts were, however, ineffectual, and his offers rejected with the contempt they deserved. His failure in this attempt only contributed to augment his passion, and render her still more amiable in his eyes, till at length his passion so far overpowered the pride of birth, that he condescended to make her honourable proposals, offering not only to make her his wife, but to settle on her a jointure of five hundred a year. Now came the real trial of the honour and virtue of poor Jane: and now that virtue and that honour triumphed. All her relatives and all her friends instantly espoused the cause of the honourable seducer; and all, with the same prudence with which they had advised her to defer her marriage with honest John Mowbray, now counselled her not to *stand in her own light*; but to him and to them she answered with generous firmness, that, as she had devoted her heart and pledged her honour to one whose disinterested affections she knew were fixed on her, no proffered wealth or elevation of rank should induce her to swerve from her fidelity. In vain were all the assiduities of the enamoured baronet, (for that title her new suitor enjoyed, together with his fortune); and equally in vain were all the persuasions and all the upbraiding taunts of her relations, who were eager for an alliance which they conceived would be so honourable, and might, possibly, in the event, prove, on some occasion or other, not less advantageous to themselves.

But the progress of this amour was suddenly interrupted, and all the temptations which put to no common trial the virtuous constancy of the truly amiable Jane, finally removed by the unexpected sickness and death of her wealthy suitor. A fever of a malignant nature, which baffled all the skill of the most eminent physicians, suddenly attacked him, and in a few days no more hope of recovery remained. In the closing scene of life, the passion which had taken full possession of his breast still remained, but purified from every gross desire: it was now changed into admiration and reverence of that virtue, which alone can bestow real happiness either in life or death. As a testimony of the unfeigned esteem of his heart, and a compensation for every unworthy offer, and every uneasiness he might have occasioned her, he added a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed her five thousand pounds—the next day he expired.

Scarcely had the enamoured benefactor of this virtuous girl breathed his last, when the vessel which contained

tained all she held most dear, in the person of her beloved Mowbray, arrived off the coast. It blew a storm; almost a hurricane. The report that a ship, apparently in distress, was heaving in sight, soon brought her down to the beach, where the first objects she met with were two shipwrecked sailors, who, after contending with the fury of the waves, had just reached the shore, the one without injury, the other seemingly almost expiring. The former she presently knew to be her brother, who had sailed with Mr. Mowbray on his last voyage; and the other—how great was the shock to her heart! the man, to preserve whose life she would gladly have resigned her own. His ship had struck on a sand-bank, and one wave had washed them both overboard: they had, however, gained the shore, in the condition before described, and Mowbray, who had been stunned by the shock of the wave which threw him on shore, when he revived, found himself in the arms of his beloved Jane, who was lamenting over him with indescribable anxiety lest he should never be restored to her. The emotions of pleasure bordering on frenzy, with which she perceived the signs of returning life, can only be conceived by those who have experienced a similar transition from despair to exstasy. His feelings were not less exquisite, but were presently damped by the reflection that probably all he had in the world was lost, and that he could only reward the ardent and tender affections of her he so fondly loved with extreme indigence and dependence. He could not long refrain from expressing these fears, with the bitterest complaints of the waywardness of his fortune, which, after tantalising him with the brightest of all hopes, had again plunged him into all the wretchedness of his former condition. It was now that the generous and affectionate Jane felt the noblest and most refined pleasure that it is in the power of wealth to bestow, by being enabled to assure him that she possessed sufficient for them both, though all he had himself should, as he foreboded, be swallowed up in the deep. He listened to her story with admiration, and all the enthusiastic gratitude of love. The next day he learned that his ship, though greatly damaged, was not entirely wrecked, but that all the men who remained on board, and the most valuable part of the cargo, were saved.

It is needless to add, that the two lovers were shortly after joined in the tenderest of unions, and that happiness rewarded their affection and constancy.

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, *called* THE REVIEW, *performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket, on Monday, Sept.* 1.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Deputy Bull	Mr. Suett.
Captain Beaugard	Mr. Farley.
Looney Mactwolter	Mr. Johnstone.
John Lump	Mr. Emery.
Caleb Quotem	Mr. Fawcett.
Charles Williams	Mr. Trueman.
Dubbs	Mr. Chippendale.
Serjeant	Mr. Atkins.
Soldiers, &c. &c.	
Grace Gaylove	Mrs. Gibbs.
Lucy	Mrs. Mountain.
Phœbe Whitethorn	Miss De Camp.
Martha	Miss Leferve.

THE late camp at Windsor furnishes the ground work of this little piece, the nature of which is almost sufficiently marked by the title.

A young officer is in love with a quaker, who agrees to elope with him; they of course constitute the hero and heroine of the plot, the interest

interest of which arises from the obstacle thrown in their way by the blundering stupidity of their respective servants, who deliver the letters of assignation to the lady's guardian. This incident is, however, so artfully managed, as eventually to facilitate the very purpose to which it is apparently a bar; and thus the *dénouement* is completely hid, until the moment when it takes place. There is also a subordinate pair of lovers in the persons of a soldier, and his mistress, who follows him to the camp in male attire. These characters are all necessarily connected with the subject; and the story is precisely what the name of a camp suggests. The fable may, therefore, be considered as skilfully conducted, and all the unities well preserved; but these constitute a very inconsiderable part of its excellence. A vein of sprightly humour pervades every scene; and though in a few instances it borders on *double entendre* rather indelicate, and in some places flows too broad, its general character is natural and luxuriant. The two servants constitute the principal medium of its conveyance, the one an Irishman, the other an Englishman: they are an admirable pair of portraits, drawn with all their national features and distinctions, richly coloured. It is upon their embellishment the author has most exerted his strength, and to them he is most indebted for its success. Among the eccentricities, a parish-clerk (a jack of all trades) is also introduced. By this great variety judiciously combined, the stage constantly presents a succession of interesting, lively, and strongly-contrasted scenes. The piece has also all the advantages of beautiful scenery and music. The latter, composed by Dr. Arnold, abounds with variety, and is appropriate to the subject. Almost every song was encored with loud and reiterated plaudits. Of the scenes, every one was entitled to praise. The most conspicuous, however, were the view of Windsor, and the Review, which closed the piece. In the latter, the powers of mechanism were introduced in aid of colouring, and with the happiest effect. The troops are seen marching and countermarching, forming in line, and going through various evolutions with precision.

Few pieces have ever gone off with more *éclat*, or have been announced for future representation with louder plaudits.

On the PLEASURES *of* IGNORANCE.

By M. de ST. PIERRE.

IGNORANCE is the inexhaustible source of pleasure to man; but we must take care not to confound, as almost all our moralists do, ignorance and error. Ignorance is the work of nature, and in many cases a blessing to man; whereas error is frequently the fruit of our pretended human sciences, and is always an evil. Let our political writers say what they will, while they boast of our wonderful progress in knowledge, and oppose to it the barbarism of past ages, it was not ignorance which then set all Europe in a flame, and inundated it with blood, in settling religious disputes. A race of ignorants would have kept themselves quiet. The mischief was done by persons who were under the power of Error; who, at that time, vaunted as much, perhaps, of their superior illumination as we now do of ours; and into each of whom the European spirit of education had instilled this error

error of early infancy. "Be the first."

How many evils does ignorance conceal from us, which we are doomed one day to encounter, in the course of human life, beyond the possibility of escaping!—the inconstancy of friends, the revolutions of fortune, calumnies, and the hour of death itself, so temendous to most men. The knowledge of ills like these would marr all the comforts of living. How many blessings does ignorance render sublime! the illusions of friendship, and those of love, the perspectives of hope, and the very treasures which science unfolds. The sciences inspire delight only when we enter upon the study of them; at a period when the mind, in a state of ignorance, plunges into the great career. It is the point of contact between light and darkness, which presents to the eye the most favourable state of vision; this is the harmonic point which excites our admiration, when we are beginning to see clearly; but it lasts only a single instant. It vanishes together with ignorance. The elements of geometry may have impassioned young minds, but never the aged, unless in the case of certain illustrious mathematicians, who were proceeding from discovery to discovery. Those sciences only, and those passions, which are subjected to doubt and chance, form enthusiasts at every age of life, such as chymistry, avarice, play, and love.

For one pleasure which science bestows, and causes to perish in the bestowing, ignorance presents us with a thousand which flatter us infinitely more. You demonstrate to me that the sun is a fixed globe, the attraction of which gives to the planets one half of their movements. Had they who believed it to be conducted round the world by Apollo an idea less sublime. They imagined, at least, that the attention of a good pervaded the earth together with the rays of the orb of day. It is science which has dragged down the chaste Diana from her nocturnal car; she has banished the Hamadryads from the antique forests, and the gentle Naiads from the fountains. Ignorance had invited the gods to partake of its joys and its woes; to man's wedding, and to his grave: science discerns nothing in either, except the elements merely. She has abandoned man to his fellow, and thrown him upon the earth, as into a desert. Ah! whatever may be the names which she gives to the different kingdoms of nature, celestial spirits, undoubtedly, regulate their combinations, so ingenious, so varied, and so uniform; and man, who could bestow nothing upon himself, is not the only being in the universe who partakes of intelligence.

It is not to the illumination of science that the Deity communicates the most profound sentiment of his attributes, but to our ignorance. Night conveys to the mind a much grander idea of infinity than all the glare of day. In the day-time I see but one sun: during the night I discern thousands. Are those very stars, so variously coloured, really suns? Are those planets, which revolve around ours, actually inhabited as ours is? From whence came the planet Cybele (the *Georgium Sidus)* discovered but yesterday by a German [of the name of Herschel? It has been running its race from the beginning of creation, and was, till of late, unknown to us. Whither go those uncertainly revolving comets, traversing the regions of unbounded space? Of what consists that Milky Way which divides the firmament of heaven?

What

What are those two dark clouds, placed towards the antarctic pole, near the cross of the south? Can there be stars which diffuse darkness, conformably to the belief of the ancients? Are there places in the firmament which the light never reaches? The sun discovers to me only a terrestrial infinity; and the night discloses an infinity, altogether celestial. O! mysterious Ignorance! draw thy hallowed curtains over these enchanting spectacles! Permit not human science to apply to them its cheerless compasses! Let not virtue be reduced henceforth to look for her reward from the justice and sensibility of a globe! Permit her to think that there are in the universe destinies far different from those which fill up the measure of woe upon this earth!

Science is continually showing us the boundary of our reason, and ignorance is for ever removing it. I take care, in my solitary rambles, not to ask information respecting the name and quality of the person who owns the castle which I perceive at a distance. The history of the master frequently disfigures that of the landscape. It is not so with the history of Nature: the more her works are studied, the more is our admiration excited. There is one case only in which the knowledge of the works of man is agreeable to us: it is when the monument which we contemplate has been the abode of goodness. What little spire is that which I perceive at Montmorency. It is that of St. Gratian, where Catinat lived the life of a sage, and under which his ashes are laid to rest. My soul, circumscribed within the precincts of a small village, takes its flight and ravages over the capacious sphere of the age of Louis XIV. and hastens thence to expatiate through a sphere more sublime than that of the world—the sphere of virtue. When I am incapable of procuring for myself such perspectives as these, ignorance of places answers my purpose much better than the knowledge of them could do. I have no occasion to be informed that such a forest belongs to an abbey, or to a duchy, in order to feel how majestic it is. Its ancient trees, its profound glades, its solemn silent solitudes, are sufficient for me. The moment I cease to behold man there, that moment I feel a present deity. Let me give ever so little scope to my sentiment, there is no landscape but what I am able to ennoble. These vast meadows are metamorphosed into oceans; these mist-clad hills are islands emerging above the horizon; that city below is a city of Greece, dignified by the residence of Socrates and of Xenophon. Thanks to my ignorance! I can give the reins to the instinct of my soul—I plunge into infinity: I prolong the distance of places by that of ages; and, to complete the illusion, I make that enchanted spot the habitation of virtue.

ANECDOTE.

Theodoric, archbishop of Cologne, was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the emperor Sigismond asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, sire, expect it in this world."—"Which then is the way to obtain happiness hereafter?" "You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," said Theodoric, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to do while you are labouring under a fit of the gravel, gout, or stone."

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 414.)

LETTER XII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

As your ladyship's desire of obtaining a competent knowledge of the works of Nature leads you into a minute search of their several properties and operations, I shall present you a new subject for speculation in the badger genus: the distinctive marks of which are, six cutting, and two canine teeth in each jaw; five toes on the fore, and the same number on the hind feet; the fore feet armed with very long straight claws; a transverse orifice immediately under the tail.

THE COMMON BADGER.

The badger is a solitary animal, as he dwells in a subterranean habitation dug in the deepest recesses of the forest: he is neither mischievous nor carnivorous: he chiefly subsists on vegetables, insects, and frogs. This species are of a lethargic, indolent temperament; they sleep by far the greater part of their time, and fall into a state of benumbed insensibility during the winter season, which causes them to acquire fat, notwithstanding they take but little sustenance, and endure long periods of abstinence.

The badger has small eyes, short round ears, and a thick neck: the nose, chin, and centre of the forehead are white; the ears and eyes inclosed in a conical bed of black: the hairs on the body are long and rough, near the roots of a yellowish white hue, black in the middle, and ash-coloured at the extremity: the throat, breast, belly, and legs, black: the tail covered with long hairs like those on the body: under the tail there is an orifice or transverse fissure, from which a fœtid matter issues. As this animal has short legs and a thick body, he digs a subterranean retreat with great facility, and forms his habitation with a single entrance in an oblique winding direction. The fox, by his innate craft, often compels the badger to quit his abode; yet not by the efforts of absolute force, but by repeated endeavours to render him uneasy. When he has gained his point, and got entire possession of the deserted domain, he enlarges its dimensions, and thereby perfectly accommodates it to the purposes of his private convenience. The badger, when thus displaced, seldom wanders far from his native spot, but digs another retreat in the vicinage of his former habitation.

This animal keeps his retreat perfectly free from every degree of filth or impurity, and is but rarely found with the female: the latter, when the season of her bringing forth approaches (which is in summer), cuts down herbage, and with her feet conveys it to the bottom of her hole, to make a convenient bed for the reception of herself and offspring; which usually consist of three or four young at a birth. She carefully suckles, and bestows great attention on them till they attain strength to shift for themselves. The badger is subject to the itch, and, in a domestic state, is so chilly, and approaches so near to the fire, that it often burns its feet. As he is not formed for speed, his only mode of escape is by taking refuge in the earth. As the badger's teeth and claws are strong, he exerts them very forcibly, bites desperately, and is seldom taken without strong resistance. When this species, which are rare, were more common than they are at present, terriers were trained to seize them in their holes. If taken

taken young, they can easily be tamed, so as to harmlessly play with dogs or to follow their master; but the old ones always remain in a savage state.

The dimensions of this animal are usually two feet six inches from the nose to the base of the tail, and the tail about six inches long. The flesh of the badger is not unpleasant to the taste, and makes good bacon. This species inhabits most European temperate latitudes; is but seldom seen in the day, feeds in the night, and is subject to little, if any, variety: its skin is used for some particular purposes.

THE AMERICAN BADGER.

This animal is described to have a white line extending from the tip of the nose, between the ears to the beginning of the back, bounded on each side, as far as the hind part of the head, with black, then by a white stripe, and immediately between that and the ears by another black line; the hair is long; the colour of the back similar to the common badger; the sides of a yellowish hue; the belly cinereous; thighs dusky; tail covered with long yellow hairs of a dirty cast, tipped with white, the extremity dusky: the subject from which this description was taken came from Hudson's Bay.

THE INDIAN BADGER.

The Indian badger has a small head; pointed nose; scarcely any external auricular orifices, except a small oval rim: the colour of the nose and face, a little beyond the eyes, is black; the crown of the head, and upper parts of the neck, back, and tail, are white, inclining to ash colour; the legs, thighs, breast, belly, sides, and under part of the tail, are black; five toes on each foot, armed with long straight claws; the hair short and smooth; and the length from nose to tail about two feet; the tail four inches long. This animal inhabits the East Indian regions, is good natured, and more agile than the other species; sleeps but little in the day (but whenever it takes rest rolls itself up with its head between its legs), and has a carnivorous appetite.

The badger and its kindred species present a type of those supine qualities, which, though they do not excite dread, never inspire us with admiration. In the brute, as well as in the rational parts of animated nature, active properties, directed to good purposes, are the most desirable and useful propensities. Your ladyship's guiding principle, which operates by a constant impulse to perform every possible beneficial service in your elevated sphere, will incline you to yield your testimonial of the efficacy of active virtues, by the irresistible proof your own bright example exhibits. That many may form a transcript of so fair an original, is the hope and wish of EUGENIA.

LETTER XIII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

As we advance in our progressive survey of the animal world, our reverence for the great Author of general existence must necessarily be increased. In every created being, the finger of God is manifest, as in the vivified parts of nature his omnipotence is pre-eminently displayed. I doubt not that your ladyship's curiosity is excited, and an ardent desire implanted, to be informed of the next branch allotted for our contemplative researches, which, in regular order, proves to be the opossum genus. The characteristic marks of this class are: two canine

nine teeth in each jaw, the number of cutting teeth unequal in each mandible, five toes on each foot, the hind foot formed like a hand, with a distinct thumb; tail very long, slender, and usually destitute of hair.

THE VIRGINIAN OPOSSUM.

The Virginian opossum has a long pointed nose; its ears are thin, large, round, and naked; its eyes black, and vivacious; it has long stiff hairs behind the eyes and on each side the nose; there is also a whitish spot above each eye; the face is covered with short hairs of a dusky hue; the cheeks are of a whitish cast; the sides of the neck of a yellow hue; the hinder parts of the neck and back are covered with short uneven hairs, the base of which is white, the middle black, and the extremity inclining to white; the sides are covered with dusky hairs, and the belly with woolly whitish hair; the legs and thighs are black, the feet dusky, and the claws white; the base of the tail, for about the space of three inches, is covered with long hairs like those on the back, and the remainder with small scales which give it the semblance of a snake: this part is also strongly endued with the prehensile quality, like many of the monkey tribes: the body is round, and rather thick, and the legs short: the female of this species is distinguished by the peculiar circumstance of having a pouch under her belly, in which her teats are lodged: in this recess the young take shelter as soon as they are born, and fly to it for refuge in seasons of pursuit or danger. The length of these animals is frequently twenty inches from nose to tail, the latter about twelve inches long.

The opossum is a native of America, and chiefly inhabits Virginia, Louisiana, Mexico, Brasil, and Peru; it is a numerous species, as the females produce from four to seven young at a birth. This offspring, when first they are born, are very small, and, according to some authors, do not exceed flies in size; they attach themselves to their mother's teats as soon as they are brought forth, to which they appear pasted till they acquire sufficient strength to quit their maternal residence. When they migrate in search of food, they return thither for the purposes of obtaining shelter and rest. The dam manifests an extraordinary degree of attachment to her young; and when she flees with them, she will suffer any corporeal pain rather than allow her pouch to be opened, which she can dilate or close by the exercise of some muscles endued with extraordinary strength: she also forms a nest of grass at the foot of a tree for the reception of her young. These animals run but slowly, therefore are easily seized. They climb trees with agile precipitation, and lie in ambush, and feign to be dead, amongst the leaves, to seize birds, and suspend themselves by their prehensile tail to the branches to watch for prey. They are so adroit in the pursuit of birds, that when they have seized a small victim they do not eat it, but leave it till some rapacious member of the feathered tribe hovers over it, when they craftily capture both: they do not devour the flesh, but only suck the blood.

Notwithstanding the opossum is a carnivorous animal, he eats vegetables, insects, and reptiles. As he is neither fierce nor mischievous, he might be easily tamed; but he is of a disagreeable form, and his body has always a dirty appearance; he has also a rank smell, which proceeds from his skin. His flesh is not unpleasant food; which induces

the savages to pursue him with avidity. This species have eight cutting teeth in each jaw.

THE MOLUCCA OPOSSUM.

This animal has long, oval, naked ears; very wide mouth; over each eye a white spot; lower side of the upper jaw, throat, and belly, of a white ash colour; the rest of the hair of a cinereous brown hue, tipt with tawny, and darkest on the back; the tail the length of the body, near the base clothed with hair, the other part naked; the claws hooked: this species have ten cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and eight in the lower; and the females have also a pouch under their belly, similar to that already described, in which the young take shelter. The length of the body is ten inches, and it is of a more slender and elegant construction than the Virginian species. This kind of opossum is common in Aroe and Solor, Surinam, and various parts of America: in the Indies it is served up at the tables of the great, and esteemed a delicate viand.

JAVAN OPOSSUM.

The Javan opossum is specified to have a head formed like that of the fox; upright pointed ears; a brown stripe passing between the eyes; the fore legs very short; five toes on the fore feet, and only three on the hind; the tail thick, and shorter than the body; in the upper jaw six cutting teeth; in the lower, two constructed like those of the squirrel, and no canine teeth: the female has a pouch for the reception of the young, like the other species: the hair on the body is rough. The Javan opossums burrow like rabbits, and are often found with those animals: this species are native inhabitants of Java.

THE KANGAROO.

This singular animal has a small head, neck, and shoulders, and a body increasing in thickness to the rump; a head constructed like that of a fawn; the tip of the nose naked, and black; and the upper lip divided; the nostrils wide; the lower jaw shorter than the upper; the mouth small; whiskers on both jaws, and hairs above and below the eyes: the eyes not large, of a dusky hue, and the pupils of a blueish black cast; the ears erect and oblong, four inches in length, and thinly covered with short hairs; no canine teeth; four cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and two long teeth in the form of lances in the lower jaw, with four grinders in each jaw remote from the other teeth; the belly large; the fore legs so very short as scarcely to reach the nose, consequently, useless to the animal in walking: this formation gives the kangaroo in some degree the appearance of the penguin, a bird, the wings of which look like fins. The hind legs are nearly as long as the body; on the fore feet are five toes; on the hinder ones three; the claws thick, short, and blunt: the bottom and hinder parts of the feet black, and tuberculated, occasioned by the animal resting on them: the hair on the body soft, and of an ash colour, and of a lighter cast on the lower regions: the length about three feet three inches from nose to tail; the tail two feet nine inches long.

This species inhabits the western regions of New Holland, where it lurks among the grass and feeds on vegetables; walks entirely on its hind legs, and only uses its fore ones for the purpose of digging, or conveying its food to its mouth; is very timid, and flies from the human species; is too swift for dogs to pursue, and its flesh is very palatable.

This species is anomalous, yet, from the formation of its legs, approaches

proaches nearly to the preceding kind of opossum: which causes it to be classed in this genus.

THE MURINE OPOSSUM.

The murine opossum approaches very near to the Virginian species; they are natives of the same latitudes, and have a great similitude in the form of their body and construction of their feet and tail: the chief variation consists in the tail of the murine being entirely covered with small scales, and its teeth more numerous. The female has no pouch under her belly, but in lieu thereof has two parallel folds in the same situation, between which her teats are lodged, and the young attach themselves. Buffon is of opinion, that these animals, when they are born, are not perfectly formed; and therefore, by thus inseparably adhering to their mother, acquire full strength. This species, like the Virginian kind, burrow, and dig recesses in the ground; they also have the same property of suspending themselves from trees by their prehensile tails; eat fruit, grain, and roots, but prefer fish to every other kind of sustenance. They are of a stupid inactive nature, and incapable of defending themselves by flight or any other means.

THE MEXICAN OPOSSUM.

This animal resembles the preceding opossums in the muzzle, ears, and tail; it has large angular transparent ears; its nose is thicker than the kinds already specified; there is a slight border of black round the eyes; the hairs on the head, and upper part of the body, are ash colour at the roots, and of a tawny hue at the extremity; the belly and legs are of a whitish cast; the tail is long, rather thick, and variegated with brown and yellow, covered with hair about one inch from the base, the remaining part naked. The length of the animal from nose to tail is about nine inches; the tail is as long as the body and head. This species inhabits the mountainous parts of Mexico: they exist and bring forth their young in trees: the young attach themselves to their dam, like the other kinds: their tails are also prehensile, and serve the purpose of a hand, from their general usefulness.

THE CAYENNE OPOSSUM.

This species of opossum has often been denominated the crab-dog, or crab-eater, from the circumstance of that kind of fish being the chief part of its subsistence. This animal has a great resemblance to the opossum tribe; though his dimensions are larger, and the female does not carry her young in a pouch like most of the other feminine branches of this genus; which evidently proves their construction and properties are distinct. The Cayenne opossum has a long slender face; erect, short, pointed ears; a woolly coat intermixed with coarse hairs of a dirty white hue from the roots to the middle, and from thence to the extremity of a dark brown cast; its sides and belly are of a pale yellow, and the legs of a dusky brown; the thumb on each foot is distinct; on the toes of the fore and thumb of the hind feet there are nails; on the remaining toes crooked claws: the tail is very long, taper, scaly, and of a grayish hue. The length from nose to tail is about seventeen inches; the tail is nearly fifteen inches and a half long.

These animals are common in Cayenne, and always inhabit the savannahs and marshy lands; they climb with great agility, and dwell more in trees than on land; they amply defend themselves against dogs with their sharp teeth; and, when

when they cannot succeed in drawing the crabs from their holes with their feet, employ their tail; which their testaceous antagonists often seize, and thereby give the Cayenne opossum great pain; which occasions him to cry in a tone like the human species, notwithstanding his common voice is a kind of grunt. The females produce four or five young at a litter, which they deposit in the concavities of trees. These animals are easily tamed, and in a domestic state are fed like cats or dogs. The natives of Cayenne eat the flesh of this species of opossum, which, in flavour, is said to resemble that of the hare.

THE NEW HOLLAND OPOSSUM.

This animal, on the upper part of the head, and on the back and sides, is covered with long, soft, glossy hairs, of a dark cinereous colour at the roots, and of a rusty brown hue at the extremity. The belly is of a dirty white cast; the tail taper, and covered with short brown hairs, except for the space of about four inches and an half at the extremity, which is white, and naked underneath; the toes are constructed like the former kind. This species of opossum inhabits the eastern coast of New Holland, where it lodges in the grass, but is very rare: its length from head to tail is about thirteen inches, the tail nearly as long.

THE SHORT TAILED OPOSSUM.

This species inhabits South America. Though the female has no pouch for the reception of her young, the latter attach themselves closely to her teats as soon as they are born. These animals have naked ears; their back is of a dusky red hue; the belly of a paler cast; the tail scarce half the length of the body. Seba expressly specifies their living in woods, and asserts that the females bring forth from nine to twelve young at a litter.

THE PHALANGER.

Buffon denominates this animal the Surinam opossum; but Pennant denies, on the testimony of Dr. Pallas, its existing in those regions, and ascribes to it the climes of the East Indian islands. The phalanger has a thick nose; short ears; eight cutting teeth in the upper jaw, and two in the lower; the hair on the upper part of the body is of a reddish hue, intermingled with light ash colour and yellow; the hind part of the head and middle of the back are marked with a black line; the throat, belly, legs, and part of the tail, of a dirty yellowish white; the rest of the tail brown and yellow; the body of the female marked with white; the first and second toes of the hind feet closely united; the claws large; the thumb on the hind feet distinct, like the other members of this genus; the bottom of the tail is covered with hair for about the space of two inches, the remaining part naked: the length from nose to tail is near nine inches, the tail about ten inches long.

THE MERIAN OPOSSUM.

This animal is of a relative species to the other opossums, and obtained the name of merian from the circumstance of Sibella Merian, the famous German paintress (some of whose inimitable performances are in the British Museum), being the first person who discovered it at Surinam, and gave a figure of it.

The merian opossum has long, sharp pointed, naked ears; the head and upper part of the body are of a yellowish brown colour; the belly white, tinged with yellow; the fore feet divided into five fingers; the hind into four, and a distinct thumb, on each of which there are flat nails; the tail is long and slender, and quite naked, except at the extremity, and, by being prehensile,

hensile, enables the animal to suspend itself on branches of trees, &c. the length from nose to tail is ten inches; the tail is longer than the head and body. This species inhabit Surinam, and burrow in the earth; when young they grunt like pigs; the paps of the female are situated similar, and resemble those of the murine opossum; they produce five or six little ones at a litter, which attach themselves to their mother by mounting on her back, and twisting their tails round her body.

In the opossum tribe we cannot discover any shining qualities, or common properties endearing to mankind; yet, individually, the members of this genus are by no means contemptible, as their general propensities are harmless, and their attachment to their offspring praiseworthy. When we reflect on the different dimensions, varied pursuits, and opposite qualities, that distinguish the animal genera, our imaginations must necessarily soar to the summit of Perfection from whom they spring. It is not alone in different genera these heterogeneous properties combine; but even in the same class we find some members seeking a retreat in the bosom of the earth, and others aspiring for shelter to the summits of high trees: whatever the mode, the execution is equally an object of admiration; as the same invisible power actuates and guides the whole. I am convinced your ladyship is too susceptible of every instance of divine skill manifested in the general harmony of the universe, to require diffuse animadversions on a subject which is legibly impressed on your mind by the purest efforts of philanthropy, and stedfast principles: which will ever fortify your hopes, and entitle you to the respect of EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

SKETCH *of the* IMPROVEMENTS *at* ARUNDEL CASTLE.

THIS proud appendage of the title of Norfolk, which is said to confer upon its owner, by the mere fact of his possesion, the earldom of Arundel, is now receiving such repairs and embellishments as must render it the chief of ancient residences in England—the appropriate mansion of the first duke of the first country in the world. Perhaps no other building of equal date has been retained in a habitable condition, without having its appearance, and the style of its construction, in some degree perverted by additions and alterations inconsistent with the taste of the age in which it was built. Arundel Castle, on the contrary, is but maintained and continued by its present exterior improvements, vast as they are; the design of the original founder is still obeyed; the new walls have risen upon the ancient model, and correspond with the old ones in solidity of fabric, as well as dignity of ornament. The successor of the Montgomerys, the Albeneys, and the Fitz-Alans, has respected their taste, and that of the ages in which they here held dominion over their ample territorities. An entire new front of massy stone differs from the others only in exhibiting the insignia of the Howards, mixed with those of their predecessors.

In raising this front, the duke has taken an opportunity to enlarge the house, and appears to have gained the space now occupied on the basement story by a long range of servants' offices, including a new kitchen with two fire-places and grates twelve or fourteen feet long. A new dining-room, or rather hall, on the principal floor, is also in this part of the building. The floor of this apartment

apartment is not yet fully laid, nor the walls stuccoed; but a skirting of mahogany has been run along them to the height of four feet, and a music gallery at the bottom is complete. This is one of the most sumptuous and appropriate of the interior improvements. It is constructed entirely of mahogany, richly carved with the foliage of the oak and the vine, and is supported by solid pillars of the same valuable material, embraced by similar ornaments. A beautiful marble chimney-piece also displays some Bacchanalian imagery; but this is intended to be removed, being of a shape somewhat too modern for the style of the apartment, the stucco of which will be a deep brown. The Prince, it is said, will be present at the first dinner that *warms* this room.

But of all the modes of liberal and dignified expense displayed in this mansion, that which is peculiar and distinguishing is the use of the richest mahogany in almost every decoration, and for purposes to which ordinary wood is thought sufficient in the finest houses. Thus, the walls, being more than six feet thick, form a kind of frame for each window, which is five feet deep, on the inside; and the whole of this spacious case, not excepting the top, is lined with mahogany of more than an inch in thickness. The window-frames, which hold the magnificent plate-glass panes, three feet each in height, are, of course, of the same material; and the solid mahogany doors are held in cases, which the thickness of the inner walls renders, perhaps, four feet deep, all lined with pannels of the most beautiful grain. It was once intended to floor all the best rooms with this costly wood; but when it was tried in one apartment, the effect was found to be too gloomy. We shall not venture to estimate the value of this article disposed of in mere decoration. The duke purchased it himself, in the gross, some years since. Perhaps it was the entire cargo of one ship.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* NEW IMPROVEMENTS *making on the Duke of* BEDFORD'S BLOOMSBURY ESTATE.

THE intended improvements on the Bloomsbury estate are to connect with the other parts of his grace's estate and that of the Foundling hospital, in the neighbourhood. It will consist chiefly of

A square of seven hundred feet, which is considerably larger than any in London (except Lincoln's Inn Fields), called Russell-square.

Another, somewhat larger than Bedford-square, between that and the New-road, to be called Tavistock-square.

The former is inclosing, and the other will immediately follow: they are to be both handsomely dressed with shrubs, &c.

These squares are to be connected by three spacious streets, running north and south, and opening into Bloomsbury-square and Russell-street, where several houses, as well as in Russell-square, Southampton-terrace, and in the new street adjoining the Museum-gardens, are already in great forwardness.

Russell-square is intended to be wholly completed next year, with the streets leading up to it, and will consequently much enliven Bloomsbury-square and its vicinity.

At the north end of these improvements, and adjoining to the New-road, a very handsome dressed nursery ground and plantations are already inclosed and laid out; and, northward of these, a road 160 feet wide, in a direct line, is to be formed through the joint estates of the duke of Bedford and lord Southampton,

Southampton, from these buildings to the junction of the two London roads to Hampstead, saving the circuitous and unpleasant routes either of Tottenham-court-road, or Gray's-Inn-lane. This road is to be fully planted with avenues of timber-trees on each side, as on the continent, and houses separated from each other are to be erected on each side of it.

There will be gates at the north extremity of the estate next the New-road, to prevent carts, drove cattle, &c. passing through it.

The whole plan is expected to be completed in less than six years; but, in the event of peace, at a much earlier period. Mr. Burton, who has carried on the buildings on the Foundling estate, is the contractor for the greater part of these improvements.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

IF you think the following *jeu d'esprit*, which lately appeared in a Morning Paper, not unsuitable to the plan of your Publication, the insertion of it in your useful and entertaining miscellany will oblige your occasional correspondent.

August 29. Collector.

The Distress *of a* Doctor *of* Laws.

I presume I have a case of distress to lay before you, which has never yet been submitted to public commisseration, Not long ago, I had the honour (as I then thought it, not foreseeing the misfortune) to receive the degree of LL.D. or Doctor of Laws, from my Alma Mater. Not a little proud of the distinction, I took care it should be announced in the papers, that my friends might know how to talk to me, and to whom they were talking. The consequence was, that, in less than a fortnight, I was regularly dubbed in all companies with "Dr. Quodlibet, your health."—"Dr. Quodlibet, will you drink a glass of wine?"—"Dr. Quodlibet will you take tea or coffee?"—and, at the top of the stair-case, I heard the pleasant call of "Dr. Quodlibet's servant"—"Dr. Quodlibet's carriage."

During my residence in London, things went on pretty well, except that my domestics wondered what had befallen to make me a doctor. Sure I could not be a physician, for I had no patients: neither could I be a parson-kind of a doctor, for I had a tail to my head, and brass buttons to my coat. And the first letter I received after my promotion was returned by my own postman to the office; for he knew no Dr. Quodlibet in my street!

All this I could have borne, for I believe it is no more than happens to new-made doctors, knights, and perhaps lords; but what follows? It happened that the repeated solicitations of my wife and family induced me to retire to the country, and I hired a snug house on the banks of the Thames, at the corner of Goose-green, not an hundred miles either from London or Kingston. Here I announced my residence by a fine brass plate on the door, with my name, Dr. Quodlibet, in great letters, and expected to sit down quietly, and enjoy rural retirement and study. In less than a week, however, my family were alarmed at midnight by a loud thundering at the door:—all screamed out it was a house-breaker: as I knew that house-breakers seldom knock at people's doors, I went down in my shirt, and opening the door, found a man on horseback, who begged "for G—d's sake, that I would come to his wife, who was taken in labour, and in a very bad way!" With some difficulty,

ty, I persuaded the fellow I was not that kind of doctor he wanted, and went to bed, but the alarm kept most of my family from any more sleep that night. But this was only the beginning of evils. I have since been disturbed night and day by various diseases, and I could perhaps get rid of them pretty well, if it were not for casualties. It is no uncommon thing, the moment I am going to sit down to dinner, for the neighbours to bring a broken leg or a desperate dislocation upon a window-board, and request me to "do what I can for the poor man." Children are brought to me who can't suck; and I verily believe, if I had been what they take me for, I might have drawn half the teeth in the parish. What is worse, those I send away seem to to have no communication with their neighbours, and I am to this hour both daily and nightly called upon, either to bring people into the world, or to help them out of it.

I have therefore been induced to send you this state of my case, and, as your Magazine circulates in this quarter, I hope you will insert it; and I shall take care to have this notice pasted on the church door next Sunday for the benefit of the parish in general.

I am, in the mean time,

Your very humble Servant,

OBADIAH QUODLIBET.

Goose-Green, Aug. 25. 1800.

NARRATIVE

OF THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF *ROBERT BURNS, THE SCOTCH POET,* WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(From Dr. Currie's Edition of the Works of Burns.)

ROBERT BURNS was, as is well known, the son of a farmer in Ayrshire, and afterwards himself a farmer there; but having been unsuccessful, he was about to emigrate to Jamaica. He had previously, however, attracted some notice by his poetical talents in the vicinity where he lived; and having published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock, this drew upon him more general attention. In consequence of the encouragement he received, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there published, by subscription, an improved and enlarged edition of his poems, which met with extraordinary success. By the profits arising from the sale of this edition, he was enabled to enter on a farm in Dumfries-shire; and having married a person to whom he had been long attached, he retired, to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture. He was again, however, unsuccessful; and, abandoning his farm, he removed to the town of Dumfries, where he filled an inferior office in the excise, and where he terminated his life in July 1796, in his 38th year.

The strength and originality of his genius procured him the notice of many persons distinguished in the republic of letters, and among others, that of Dr. Moore, well known for his "Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe," for his "Zeluco," and various other works. To this gentleman our poet addressed the following letter, after his first visit to Edinburgh, giving a history of his life up to the period of his writing. In a composition never intended to see the light, elegance, or perfect correctness of composition, will not be expected. These, however, will be compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character, with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.

"Mauchline,

"*Mauchline, Aug.* 2, 1787.

"SIR,

"For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expence; for I assure you, Sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble; I have, I say, like him, turned my eyes to behold madness and folly; and, like him too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship.—After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

"I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call, "a Gentleman." When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the herald's office, and looking through the granary of honours, I there found almost every name of the kingdom; but for me,

"My ancient but ignoble blood
"Has crept though scoundrels ever since the flood."

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom.—I have met with few who understood men, their manners, and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son.

"For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farmhouse; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye, till they could discern between good and evil; so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic ideot piety.—I say *ideot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches,

 warlocks,

warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look-out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was "The Vision of Mirza," and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

'For though on dreadful whirls we hung
'High on the broken wave.'

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the "Life of Hannibal," and the "History of Sir William Wallace." Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures after the recruiting drum and bag-pipe, and wished myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there, till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

"Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays between sermons, at funerals, &c. used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that it raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

"My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modification of spited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, without bounds or limits. I formed several connections with other younkers who possessed superior advantages—the youngling actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age, that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, which were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *louterly* appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremities of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations, and one, whose heart, I am sure, not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a very sore affliction, but I was called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my "Tale of the Twa Dogs." My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children; and he, worn out by

by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses. We lived very poorly; I was a dextrous ploughman for my age, and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert), who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters which used to set us all in tears.

"This kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my 16th year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my 15th autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass.* In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessings here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself.

"Thus with me began love and poetry, which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS ON SUICIDE,

BY J. H. PRINCE.

(Continued from p. 427.)

MANY people who have committed the rash act of suicide, have had, a few minutes before, every appearance of sanity about them; and the dispositions they have made in their family, connexions, and affairs, (the latter of which they have set in perfect order) as well as the letters they have written to their several correspondents, containing a succinct account of their circumstances, have been self-evident proofs of that sanity.—The following anecdote may serve as an illustration of this truth. A few

A few years ago, a gentleman in the city put an end to his life, who had given no signs of previous mental derangement. It was observed, indeed, that he appeared very dull a short time before he committed this rash act (the common effect of lowness of spirits).—I was particularly acquainted with a domestic of the family, from whom I learnt the following particulars of that melancholy catastrophe:—

A few days prior to that on which he destroyed himself, he complained to the domestic above mentioned, of a weight upon his spirits, which, like a heavy load, pressed him down, and, almost immediately before he did the fatal deed, he wrote a great number of letters to his various correspondents, and gave a small packet to this servant, after extorting from him the most solemn promises to deliver it to the person to whom it was directed, unopened; but what it contained I never heard.—All this, in my opinion, bespoke calmness and collectedness, and was not likely to be practised by a madman.

After he had dispatched this business, and settled all his affairs, he went up stairs (as he said) to lay down: the servant, at the next meal-time, going up to call him, could not obtain entrance, and, on giving the alarm, the door was forced, and he was found laying across the bed with his head nearly severed from his body.

I shall make no comments on this dreadful suicide, but only observe that, if there be any genuine marks of sanity, and those marks appear in persons who put themselves to death, even to the very instant of their doing it, (as in the case of this gentleman) in the name of common sense, what right have we to pronounce them insane?

It is impeaching the wisdom of our legislature to affirm that no person is guilty of self-murder, or *felo de se*; since that legislature has passed laws to reprobate, and, as far as possible, punish that crime,—directed inquiries to be made into the circumstances that attend the sudden death of any individual, to acquit those, in the eye of the world, who have killed themselves in the moment of derangement, by making it appear obvious, from the examination of witnesses, that they were so deranged; and to stamp with lasting ignominy and indelible marks of disgrace the man who shall be found guilty of imbruing his hands in his own blood, or otherwise violating the first law of nature,—self-preservation—by enacting a kind of posthumous punishment (if I may so call it), the denial of Christian burial to the wretch who, by the act in question, renders his body incapable of any other,—his *body*, I say, for, with respect to his soul, I think, with the author I before quoted, that

> ———"Unheard of tortures
> Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together,
> The common damn'd shun their society,
> And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."

But to say there are none of this description, is to say, in effect, though not in so many words, that the calling together and meeting of a coroner and jury, to sit on the body of any person who died by their own hands, to inquire whether they were sane or insane at the time they committed it, is the greatest farce that ever was acted; and the verdict of *felo de se*, sometimes pronounced, the most unjust reflection, and, consequently, the most cruel that can be made on any deceased person whatever.

But the sanity of many who put an end to their lives will further appear if we consider the subsequent

quent conduct of those who have attempted to commit suicide, but have been prevented by the interpositions of their relatives or friends who have happened to come very opportunely to prevent the fatal effects of the rash act from taking place. Many of those who have been so saved have evidenced the greatest sorrow and shame for what they had attempted to do,——have not endeavoured to cloak their sin by affirming they did it under the influence of madness, but, on the contrary, have acknowledged, that their only motive for it was their being tired of life, and vainly hoping, that, by escaping the troubles of it, they should escape all suffering, as if they had forgotten there is a future state.

But the subsequent behaviour of those people, who have been thus rescued, as it were, from the jaws of destruction, proves (perhaps more than their expressions) the soundness of their intellects: they have, a few hours afterwards, began, and, during the rest of their lives, continued to talk and act in the most rational manner, which puts it out of all doubt that they were also sane at the time they attempted to put an end to their lives; unless it should be urged, that the hanging by the neck, or other temporary pain, for a few minutes, had brought them to their senses, an opinion so absurd, that I should think no reasonable person would adopt it *.

If, indeed, hanging had such a wonderful effect as to produce sanity, it would be no bad thing to recommend this process to the governors of Bethlehem and St. Luke's hospitals; and, I was going to say, to the masters of private madhouses; but I check myself in that, from the consideration that it is their interest (and most people follow that which is so) to keep those who are placed under their care in the same situation they find them.

All that I shall advance further on the subject in hand, will be a few words to dissuade those from the commission of the crime under consideration, who may be tempted to commit it.—It has been justly observed by a celebrated writer *, that "very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth on such an occasion;" but I am conscious there are a few that may very properly be addressed to them.

One of our modern philosophers (of the new school) † has supposed, that the only consideration that can be urged with success to a man in that state of mind, which precedes suicide is, that there is still happiness in reserve for him in this world, for "no man (says he) would destroy himself from an impatience of present pain, if he felt *a moral certainty* that there were years of enjoyment still in reserve for him."—But the same philosopher admits that it is extremely hard, and sometimes impracticable, to convince a man in such a state that he shall ever see better days.

I must beg leave to differ with this celebrated author on this important subject, and observe that revealed religion affords arguments far stronger than those above urged, or any that can be dictated by na-

tural

* This opinion, however absurd, has been maintained by some learned men. One of them, a learned doctor, whose character stands high in the literary world, says: "It has been observed, that corporeal pain, whether by forcing the mind from that object which has ingrossed it, or by whatever means, hath restored lunatics to the use of reason." See Swift's Works, with his life, by Dr. Hawkesworth, Vol. II. page 259.

* Shenstone. † Mr. Godwin.

tural religion without a divine revelation.

When persons throw off all religion, what have they to cheer their minds amid the gloom of affliction? But, on the other hand, the comforts of real religion are neither few nor small, and, when effectually applied, are sufficient to counteract the baneful effects of the most inveterate sorrow. This I assert in opposition to Mr. Godwin, and I am firmly persuaded, that though the setting before a man the probability of his enjoying future years of pleasure (which is certainly a powerful argument) may not always be productive of a good effect, yet, that describing to him on the one hand the future misery he must inevitably experience, if he impiously rushes into the presence of the Almighty, weltering in his own blood; and on the other, using such encouraging arguments as may be drawn from Scripture, and the consideration of the goodness of God, will prove effectual with any man who has not given up his reason, or his belief of a future state; and though many people professing that belief, have, notwithstanding, committed this act, they have been such as have done it under the influence of madness, (for I am not contending that none are mad who commit it) or such as have been deprived of the inestimable privilege of a friend to administer those spiritual consolations I have been speaking of.

Consider ye who are tempted to this dreadful crime, that it admits of no excuse, no extenuation whatever. There is no situation (as an excellent author observes) that a man can possibly be in, that he has a right to put himself to death. Nothing can be more clear than this truth, for "we are not our own." If we had willed, or brought ourselves into being, then we should have some pretensions to a right to put ourselves out of being, when we pleased; but as we were created by a benevolent deity, who, for wise purposes, placed us in this world, subject to the inconveniences and troubles as well as to the conveniences and comforts of it, and who has appointed the exact duration of our mortal existence *, it is our business to keep the post he has assigned us, and not to shrink from our duty or the dangers annexed to the performance of it, till he signs our discharge, and call us from a state of labour to a state of reward.

"Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;
No phrensy half so desperate as this."

Blair.

The more enlightened among the heathen viewed things in this light: they seem clearly of opinion that suicide was unlawful, and they ground that opinion chiefly on the before-mentioned consideration, particularly Philolaus and Socrates.—The latter has given us his opinion upon that subject in a conversation he had with Cebes, a little before he drank the cup of poison, as it is recorded by Plato, who was the disciple of Socrates, in his dialogue called Phædon (from the name of the person who details the conversation). The discourse happened to turn upon Evenus, whom Socrates affirmed to be a philosopher, and as such would wish to follow him; and undoubtedly would do it; but fearing his friends should suppose he wished Evenus to kill himself, he directly adds: "I do not mean,

* Job, vii. 1.

however

however, that he should lay violent hands on himself; for that is not permitted to any man, as we all know." "How do you prove (said Cebes) that suicide is unlawful? for, though Philolaus and other teachers have strongly impressed me with this opinion, I wish to be fully convinced of it."—Listen then to me, (said Socrates)—I maintain that suicide, in every possible case, is absolutely inadmissible. We know there are persons existing to whom life must be burdensome. It may seem strange to you, on this account, that the sacred duties of society should not permit the unhappy to relieve themselves by voluntary death, but should enjoin them to wait for another helping hand to release them; yet nothing is more consistent with the views of the Supreme Being.

Men are placed here, on earth, like sentinels, and therefore must not quit their posts until they are relieved. As God is our proprietor, and we are his property, can we doubt whether his providence watches over our welfare*."

I am as much charmed with this passage of Socrates as Erasmus was with one of his on another subject: when I reflect upon it, as coming from an heathen, I blush for some of my countrymen, called Christians, who are advocates for this horrid crime.

If people were to reflect on the punishment that awaits self-murderers in another world, they would be deterred from the commission of it. I would recommend this reflection to any that are tempted to it, as also the benevolence of the Deity, who will ultimately cause all things (however painful in their nature) to work together for good to them that love him, and that show their love and veneration for him by submitting to all his dispensations. These two considerations are the most powerful of any that I know, and include, indeed, many others.

Having dwelt so long on this unpleasant subject, I shall, by way of dispersing the gloom which it may have occasioned, relate the following pleasant remark of a great and good man on the folly of the crime in question.

The late Dr. Johnson, having one day, in company, declared it as his opinion, that there was no situation a man could possibly be in in which he had a right to put himself to death, Mr. Boswell, who was present, stated what he conceived to be an exception to the general rule. "Suppose (said he) that a man is absolutely sure that if he lives a few days longer he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utter disgrace and expulsion from society; what is he to do then?" "Then Sir, (says Johnson) let him go to some place where he is not known, but don't let him go to the devil, where he is known †."

I could offer a variety of arguments more to dissuade mankind from the perpetration of the crime in question (for though it is an hackneyed subject, it is an inexhaustible one); but as I have already exceeded the limits usually allowed for an essay, I shall content myself with transcribing a few words from a very ingenious author, with which I shall conclude.

"Reflect on the indispensable duty of preserving your health and your life. If you be distressed in mind,—

* Phædon of Plato, by Moses Mendelssohn, p. 14—16.

† Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides.

mind,—*live!* serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul. If you are contented and cheerful,—*live!* and diffuse that happpiness to others. If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct,—*live!* and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others,—*live!* you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself. If you are indigent and helpless,—*live!* the generous heart will relieve you. If you are rich and prosperous,—*live!* and enjoy what you possess. If another has injured you,—*live!* his own crime will be his punishment. If you have injured another,—*live!* and recompense it by your good offices. If your character be attacked unjustly,—*live!* time will remove the aspersion. If the reproaches are well founded,—*live!* and cease to deserve them for the future. If you are obscure and undistinguished,—*live!* to be one day more conspicuous. If you are already eminent and applauded,—*live!* and preserve the honours you have acquired. If you have been negligent and useless to society,—*live!* and make amends by your future conduct. If you have been active and industrious,—*live!* and communicate your improvements to others. If you have spiteful enemies,—*live!* and disappoint their malevolence. If, hitherto, you have been impious and wicked,—*live!* and repent of your errors. If you have been wise and virtuous,—*live!* for the further benefit of mankind. If you disbelieve a future state,—*live!* and be as useful and happy in this as you can. If you hope for immortality,—*live!* and prepare to enjoy it*."

* Herries' Address to the Public on the Crime of Suicide, p. 48.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

A FAIRY TALE.

(From the French of Madame Fognon.)

WIT without beauty is of little value; but beauty without wit is of less. The fairy Louvette was five days in every week very short, and frightfully ugly; and, on the other two, her stature was tall, and her beauty exquisite. Two days of beauty in every week might have effected great designs, if they could have been well improved; but an unhappy circumstance rendered this impossible; for her mind, her character, and her sentiments, changed with figure. During the five days of her deformity, she was tender, benevolent, compassionate, and amiable, if it is possible to be so under the appearance of opposite qualities, and a shape and features that inspired disgust and aversion. But, unhappily, her merit was always estimated by the person. She employed the five days of her deformity in the most assiduous endeavours to please, and left nothing unattempted to discover a genius, an enchanter, or a mortal, who could be prevailed upon to receive real, that is, moral and intellectual merit, as a partner for life; but all her assiduity, her address, and her virtue, were ineffectual. She must not, however, be censured for making advances beyond the modesty of her sex; for it was recorded in the book of fate, that she should not be restored to her original shape, which had been extremely beautiful, till she should be sincerely beloved in her state of deformity. This decree was the consequence of her having treated with disdain the passionate addresses of a detestable, malevolent, and deformed inchanter, who who was her superior in power.

Louvette had, however, as has been related, two days of beauty; and,

and, during this short interval, all the charms and graces that can captivate the eye were united in her person; and if she could have preserved the manner and the sentiments which, when disguised under her deformity, produced no effect, her power would have been irresistable and universal. But, at the same time that she became handsome and lovely, she became froward, proud, contemptuous, and insupportable. Her insolence, her disdain, her want of sensibility and taste, banished all those whom her beauty had invited. To hear her speak, and to understand what she said, was sufficient to destroy at once an opinion, formed rather by desire than judgment, that a fine person indicates an accomplished mind. Beauty irresistably takes possession of every heart, but something more is necessary to maintain the acquisition. In Louvette every thing concurred to lose it.

She was not at liberty to inform either those who became enamoured of her beauty, or those whom she endeavoured to reconcile to her deformity, that the same person subsisted under both appearances; for that this should remain a secret was one condition of her metamorphosis, and return to her primitive shape. At the court of the fairies, it was believed, that there were two Louvettes, the one beautiful, and the other ugly; it not having been remarked that the two Louvettes never appeared at one time. The little fairy, however, had the mortification to see herself five days derided and rejected by the same lovers, who, on two other days, were disposed to adore her; a disposition which she quickly destroyed by her extravagant behaviour, and the rudeness with which she treated them. This was certainly a very afflicting situation, and Louvette was sensible of all its infelicity; but she suffered more in her days of beauty than in those of ugliness, which is a proof that wit without beauty is to be preferred to beauty without wit.

Such was the situation of Louvette, when fortune offered her a person who had been treated with equal severity, and for the same reasons. This was a young prince called Minetblue, not only from the uncommon colour of his eyes, but from a certain garment of blue changeable taffety which he wore all the summer, having first led the mode, which was immediately followed by the beaux of the court, as well as fidlers, dancing-masters, and other persons of distinguished talents. The young prince had been one of those Adonises with whom the whole female sex are in love to distraction, without knowing why. When one of these universal charmers makes his appearance in the world, the old fairies are not the last to run to see him; though, in fact, they are always so ill received by these gentlemen, that it might reasonably be expected they would correct this weakness. But who can correct the faults of a long-cherished passion. The fairy who suffered by the cruelty of the lovely Minetblue, inflicted upon him an immediate punishment; for punishment is a debt of honour for which no injured fairy ever asked moment's credit. She treated him as the enchanter had treated Louvette, with this difference, that Minetblue was to suffer two days' horrid deformity, possessing, at the same time, all the beauties of the mind; and, during five days, was to retain his original beauty, but divested of every thing that might render it desirable; destitute of wit, sensibility, taste, and affection. Cold and indifferent as a statue, he opened his eyes only to see, and his mouth merely to speak,

without having the least appearance of thought or sensation.

The two days on which Minetblue was ugly and sensible were the same on which Louvette was beautiful and indifferent; and the five days during which she was ugly, but tender and benevolent, were those on which the prince possessed a cold and inanimate beauty: and in this state it was necessary that he should be beloved, in order to put an end to his punishment. It was even required, that, in this state, he should be beloved by a woman of merit; in which he was treated with greater rigour than the fairy, who might more easily inspire love during her deformity, because it is more difficult to please without a capacity to love, than under the most unpleasing external appearance.

The similarity of the adventures of Louvette and Minetblue produced the effect that might naturally be expected. The prince, in his two days of ugliness, became desperately enamoured of Louvette, who was then enjoying her two days of beauty. His addresses were therefore received with contempt and insult. But when these two days were expired, the prince took his revenge. Poor Louvette entered upon her days of ugliness, and the lovely Minetblue put on his pride and insensibility with his beauty. The fairy, in her turn, lavished upon him ineffectual sighs and glances, which served to render her yet more hideous; for it is the privilege of perfect ugliness to be increased by every look and every action, but especially by those which embellish beauty.

The court of the prince was quickly deserted. The coquettes, who at first had been amused with his fine appearance, and the prudes whom it had quite blinded, were at length equally disgusted with his unpoliteness and insensibility. Louvette only, who had no other choice, continued an inviolate attachment to him.

Men are more incorrigible than women; their love of self is more blind and obstinate; so that, though they produced no more effect on the heart of the fairy when she was handsome than the women on that of the prince in his beauty, they did not so soon relinquish their attempt. No sooner had the two lovers been repulsed by that insufferable beauty, than they appeared again, presuming upon the success of their parts and merit; so that Louvette, in her state of deformity, enjoyed in the presence of the prince a pleasure which was denied to him in her presence during the triumph of her beauty; the pleasure of being almost continually alone with him, and of having no rival witness of the indifference with which he treated her. If this indifference did not diminish, it did not appear to increase, which was some consolation; for that which nourishes hope, is, in love, the most striking charm and the most real good.

Minetblue, on the contrary, was insulted and despised by his mistress, and was always used with much indignity when his rivals were present; but he was possessed of so much spirit, that though he did not suffer less, yet he was less discouraged than many others would have been.

This unequal courtship was often renewed; Minetblue was the principal suitor, and no insult could either banish him, or suppress his assiduity.

His conduct did not immediately draw upon him the attention of the court; but, at length, it was not only remarked, but became the subject of raillery and merriment; still he persevered; his constancy was regarded

regarded as a prodigy; the ladies made some judicious reflections upon it; they at length resolved to pity him; and, that they might forget the deformity of his person, they received his addresses with their eyes shut. It must be confessed that this was a very extraordinary conduct, but it became a kind of fashion at court; and in a short time there was scarcely one fine lady who did not make it her chief study to carry off this lover from the *insufferable beauty*; for Louvette, on her handsome days, was more distinguished by this name than any other.

History has not informed us whether the prince made suitable returns for all the bounties that were thus lavished upon him by so many rivals at the same time. Louvette, who hated him for his assiduities, was not less provoked by his absence, and punished him equally for both; a circumstance which could not but increase his calamity.

It must be remarked, on this occasion, that, whenever a person, remarkable for deformity, becomes popular, he maintains his station with more success than others, and the inclination in his favour immediately increases to the utmost extravagance.

A certain fairy, whose name was Confidente, was the only person in the court who had treated Minetblue with unabated contempt and disdain, and refused to have any conversation with him. Confidente was at least equal in beauty to Louvette, but she was yet more indifferent—so that, in favour of her acknowledged insensibility, the other fairies confessed the superiority of her charms; and though this was a dangerous qualification in a confidante, yet they did not fear to trust her with the most important secrets; nor had she ever yet betrayed their confidence,—for she had more virtue and more wit than any other fairy at court. She, therefore, was soon informed of whatever they knew concerning the goodness, generosity, and various merits of the deformed Minetblue. In short, she knew so much, that Curiosity, who is the daughter and the mother of all terrestrial evils, perfidiously advised her to carry off the prince from all his conquests.

Of all the tyrants who share in the government of a fine woman, Curiosity is the most despotic. Indeed there are many others who have great power; but when Curiosity speaks, all are silent to hear, and zealous to obey. The fairy Confidente had every moment opportunities of speaking to Minetblue, for she was the messenger of all her companions. But as soon as she had formed a resolution to betray them, she spoke for herself, that is, she led the prince to guess what she wished he should know. He had acquired more experience in one month of good fortune, than he could have obtained in ten years of study; so that he sometimes guessed more than was desired, which is distinguished by the name of guessing right.

Those who make the supporting a particular character a part of their plan, will perhaps ask, how Confidente, whose characteristic is indifference, became so suddenly different from herself as to be enamoured of deformity. But I have not yet affirmed that she was enamoured. She was inquisitive, and that was all. Curiosity resembles every thing, and is nothing. It resembles love and hatred, and by turns takes and quits the mark of every other passion.

This treacherous fairy did not long enjoy the confidence and the error of her

her companions: they concurred in detecting her falsehood and loading her with reproaches. They associated in a design to deprive her of her Minetblue, and their execution of this project was treated not as an affair of taste, but of honour, policy, and revenge. They therefore pursued it with zeal and diligence, and Confidente, whose curiosity, perhaps, would not have attached her to Minetblue more than twenty-four hours, now pursued her design in earnest, from pique, self-love, and a desire to show that what she had address to gain she had skill to keep.

Her enemies regarded the *insufferable beauty* as the person who was to avenge them. As they knew the passion of the prince for her, they laboured to inspire this fairy, not with curiosity nor love for Minetblue, but aversion for her rival and jealousy.

Those who imagine that jealousy cannot subsist without love, are grossly mistaken. It often proceeds from an aversion for a rival, from pride, from self-love, and from a desire of preference, from which no advantage can be derived, except the pleasure of disappointing another, to whose happiness it would greatly conduce. It was this species of jealousy that the fairies strove to kindle in the bosom of Louvette; nor were they long in the accomplishment of their design.

Louvette immediately hated her rival as sincerely as they could desire. She did not yet love Minetblue, but she had an ardent desire to render him and Confidente as miserable as possible. She pleased herself by doing them ill offices, and employed against them all the stratagems of cunning and malevolence. She interrupted all their conversations, and broke in upon every meeting. Sometimes she affected a passionate and languishing air, which let in upon the prince some glimmerings of hope. At other times she filled him with anxiety and despair, well knowing that by both these artifices she was equally distressing her rival. When, at any time, she knew that Minetblue was to visit Confidente, she detained him by appearing willing to receive his addresses, and giving him reason to believe that she was beginning to love; but as soon as it was too late for him to keep his appointment with her rival, and just when he began to hope a recompense for the sacrifice which she had required of him, she again treated him with insult and disdain. However, she saw him longer, and more frequently than before the project of revenge was undertaken, and the prosecution of it wrought the same effect on her as curiosity had produced in Confidente. While she imagined she was only irritating the jealous and the enamoured, she was insensibly betrayed into jealousy and love.

As soon as Louvette perceived her weakness, she endeavoured to hide it:—a vain endeavour, which only rendered her passion more conspicuous. But the happy Minetblue loved with too much ardour to perceive his good fortune so soon as he could have done if he had not loved her. This change produced another. The deformity of the prince began to diminish, but by such slow degrees, that it was scarcely perceived by others; but it made swift advances in the heart and in the eyes of Louvette. Every time she saw him, she thought him more amiable, which was the very circumstance that alone was necessary to his becoming amiable in a yet greater degree.

The fairies immediately suspected this rising passion; it had almost

avenged

avenged them of Confidente, and they expected, knowing the character of Louvette, that it would also avenge them of the prince; as if love could not produce a new character, when it was necessary to serve his purposes.

To this deformity of the prince, which was already greatly decreased, since it was decreed to cease by love, succeeded the deformity of Louvette, which had till this time appeared rather to increase than diminish. But a fortunate accident intervened in her favour. As the beautiful Minetblue, equally lovely and insensible, was walking in a wood, he was attacked by robbers. He defended himself with great courage, he wounded some and dispersed the rest, but his left hand was pierced by an arrow. The wound was slight, but the arrow was poisoned. The surgeons declared that the prince would die, except some person would suck the venom from the wound; adding, however, at the same time, that whoever should apply this remedy would greatly endanger their own life. Scarcely was this opinion pronounced, when Louvette, bursting into tears, seized the hand of the prince, applied her lips to the wound, and, notwithstanding all the efforts that he made to withdraw it, did not quit her hold, till she had drawn out all the poison, and the blood with which it was mingled. The prince was more moved and troubled at this action of Louvette than at the accident which had befallen him and the danger that attended it. He fixed his eyes upon her without power to speak or to restrain his tears. Where there is tenderness, generosity, and goodness, there is no deformity. Louvette at this moment appeared amiable in the eyes of her lover; for when we do a good action, we no longer retain our ordinary appearance, but assume the beauties of the action we have performed.'

Esteem, pity, and gratitude, rushed at once into the heart of the prince, and possessed themselves of it for ever. He saw Louvette with other eyes, and imagined she was not the same. Happy error, which produced a reality! Her deformity vanished, she sparkled with all the beauties of her youth, and, as they returned, they brought with them associated graces, so that she was now the most lovely of all fairies; and he, of all princes, the most enamoured. He became also more beautiful in his two critical days, in proportion as the *insufferable beauty* lost that name, and became amiable and tender.

At length they knew themselves to be the persons who had been the cause of so much infelicity under a double form; and they were known also to the whole court, every one saying that they suspected the truth before, though, till this moment, it had never entered their imagination.

This was the state to which the Destinies decreed they should arrive before they were united. As this was the only thing that remained to be done, as it was ardently desired by both, the queen of the fairies performed the ceremony. Louvette endowed her lover with immortality, according to the privilege of the fairies. He made a good use of the favour, and they still enjoy the same felicity as on the nuptial day.

ANECDOTE.

(Related by Dr. Horne, the late Bishop of Norwich.)

A CLERGYMAN applied to the dean of Christ-church for the little vicarage of Blendington, then vacant, value about forty pounds *per annum*. "Sir," said he, "I maintain a wife and six children on fifty-six

six pounds a year.—Not that I should regard the sum were the income certain; but when a man considers it may be taken from him any day of the week, he cannot be so easy."—"I will get the living for you if I can," answered the dean; "but I would not have you raise your expectations too high; because, if any of the college will take it, by our rules he must have it."—"O, Sir," replied the divine, "it would make me the happiest man in the world!—but if I miss it, I shall not be unhappy—I never knew what it was to be unhappy for one hour in my whole life."

THE CORSICANS.

(Continued from page 438.)

Act IV. Scene I.

An avenue of chesnut-trees—a moonlight night.

Francis, Ottilia, Felix.

(Francis, supporting on one arm his wife, and on the other her brother.)

Ottilia.

Now you know all.

Francis. And must blush when I reflect on what has passed.

Ottilia. Promise to amend.

Francis. I promise you eternal love.

Ottilia. There is no love without confidence.

Francis (to Felix.) May I dare, after what has taken place, to solicit your friendship.

Felix. My sister's happiness will ensure it.

Ottilia. Endeavour to merit it, make amends for your hastiness, give me your advice, and assist my brother.

Francis. Possessed of the affections of Natalia, he needs not my assistance.

Felix. Ah sister! should you be mistaken—

Ottilia. Am I not her confidante?

Francis. Let us hasten to the castle. Why should we defer this happy discovery till to-morrow?

Ottilia. But—my father—

Felix. I think I see his shadow yonder on the hedge. His anxiety, I suppose, will not suffer him to remain in the house. He is come, no doubt, in quest of me.

Ottilia. Go then, and leave me here alone.

Francis. Leave you here alone!

Ottilia. He is looking for his son, and he will find a daughter.

Francis. My dear, if you would but venture—

Ottilia. Venture!—What has a daughter to apprehend from her father? I have found him—my prayer is heard;—and shall I delay to fall at his feet and embrace his knees.

Francis. But if he should treat you harshly.

Felix. That he will not.

Ottilia. And if he should, have we not offended him—Go, Francis; send me my child. Now it is asleep; but no matter—the sight of the sleeping little angel will give new force to my prayers. Its innocent smiles and my tears—Go, go! he approaches.

Felix. Sister, your plan is good; and if his tongue should reproach you, do not loose your hold of his heart. I know him well.

Francis (with apprehension). Yet it would be as well for us to be near—

Ottilia. No, Francis, a daughter needs no guards when she approaches her father. Go!

Francis. May the blessing of heaven attend all we shall do in the ensuing hour.—*(To Felix)* Follow me, and take courage.

Felix. May we find hearts generous and open, wherever we apply.

Francis.

Francis. When to-morrow's dawn shall break upon us, may we all exclaim, It was no midsummer night's dream ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ottilia alone.

A plan my brother called it !—No ; the heart spurns at stratagems —He comes.—He shall find me unprepared—Away with every studied art—I possess the weapons of Nature—She gave the child tears to deprecate the anger of its parents. How am I agitated by anxiety and love, the consciousness of my offence, and repentance of my fault. *(Muller appears in the background).* There he is.—*(She trembles, and supports herself against a tree.)* Alas ! wretched woman that I am, that I should tremble at the sight of my father !

SCENE III.

Ottilia, Muller.

Muller. Are you still here Camillo ?—What do I see ?—A lady? and quite alone ?—

Ottilia. Mr. Muller.

Muller. Young lady, why are you here ?

Ottilia. Your son——

Muller. He spoke of a meeting—

Ottilia. Which did not take place.

Muller. So much the better.

Ottilia. My sister-in-law remained with her father.

Muller. That was well. It is not every father who has such a daughter.

Ottilia. The danger of a passion which is in opposition to our duty.

Muller. Oh I know it; but I do not to wish to speak on that subject.

Ottilia. O gracious Heaven ! my tongue faulters !

Muller. Where is my son?

Ottilia. At no great distance.

Muller. I hope he has not left you here to apprise me of his departure.

Ottilia. By no means ; he retired that I might speak to you in private !

Muller. Speak to me !—in private !

Ottilia. My sister's case bears so great a similarity to mine—

Muller. To yours ?—

Ottilia. She loves without the knowledge of her father.

Muller. That seems now to be the fashion with daughters.

Ottilia. This event has again torn open all my wounds.

Muller. Such wounds ought, indeed, never to heal.

Ottilia. I feel more than ever the necessity of enjoying the confidence of a worthy man.

Muller. If I am the man on whom you wish to bestow your confidence—

Ottilia. You are.

Muller. I must entreat you to be sparing of it.

Ottilia. As the friend of mankind in general—

Muller. That I am not—But I am your friend. The first moment I saw you, you made an impression on me, which—for want of a better name—I shall call sympathy.

Ottilia (with extasy). Would to heaven it may be so !

Muller. Your form, the sound of your voice, your mildness, your maternal tenderness, and connubial affection—every thing, in short, interested and prejudiced me in your favour.

Ottilia. Oh you give me inexpressible pleasure !

Muller. To day, when you addressed me in a language with which,—why should I deny it ?—I am not unacquainted—

Ottilia. You fled me.

Muller. I fled you; but the accents of my native dialect, in which you conjured me to return, penetrated to my heart, and still agitate it.

Ottilia. O may they for ever remain there!

Muller. Young lady, if you seriously value the esteem of an old man, relate not to me your history. You will find in me a severe judge.

Ottilia. Is it impossible to reconcile goodness and justice?

Muller. I love so few persons in the world, that I should be sorry the number should be diminished.

Ottilia. Errors that arise from love and rashness——

Muller. These are the very errors to which I can show no lenity; for you know well, lady, that not only the actions of mankind, but the judgments they form, are all selfish; and we sooner forgive a crime that does us no hurt, than a rash act by which we are injured.

Ottilia. But if the happiest consequences, though unmerited, yet still not the less happy——

Muller. No; you are not of the number of those who judge of an action by its accidental consequences.

Ottilia. If the wife in the arms of her beloved husband, the mother, while caressing her smiling infant, should know no peace, because the heart of the daughter bleeds—

Muller. Then is virtue revenged.

Ottilia. If blest with affluence, I want only the blessing of a father; and if this want alone depresses me to wretchednes—

Muller. Then your repentance deserves compassion.

Ottilia. If the most excruciating anxiety during the lonely night succeeds the assumed cheerfulness under which it is forced to conceal itself during the day.—If I bathe my infant in tears while I offer him a breast which can afford him no nourishment, because it is dried by incessant grief.—If I tremble at the least appearance of danger, because reliance on Providence has fled my troubled conscience——

Muller (with emotion). Then, indeed, I pity you.

Ottilia. And think my errors pardonable?

Muller. No.

Ottilia. Oh! were you my father——

Muller. Then I would not curse a wretched daughter.——

Ottilia. But would forgive me.

Muller. No.

Ottilia. Not even, if, like my father, you had kept your child at a distance from you ever since her infancy—and had not seen her since she was four years of age?——

Muller (starting). Since she was four years of age?—

Ottilia. If you had expected the love of your child from nature alone, and not compelled it by the gentle violence of fatherly care and affection?—

Muller (with uneasiness). Since she was four years of age!

Ottilia. I should hate myself could I attempt to palliate my error; but this may I say, and call, in this solemn hour, the departed spirit of my mother to witness the truth of it, that I should not have forsaken my father, if he had not first forsaken me!

Muller (with increasing uneasiness). You are a native of Corsica?

Ottilia (hesitating). My mother—

Muller. Your mother?

Ottilia. My mother was a Corsican.

Muller. Then your father was not a Corsican, nor are you one yourself?

Ottilia. My mother was——a relation of yours.

Muller,

Muller. Of mine!——Do you know me?

Ottilia. Your son——

Muller. Thoughtless youth!

Ottilia. You once loved my mother.

Muller. What was her name?

Ottilia (trembling). Her name, before marriage, was Morosini——

Muller. That was the name of my wife.

Ottilia. She married—the noble—Pompiliani. *(She sinks on her knees).*

Muller. Heavens! What means this!

Ottilia (exhausted, and almost breathless, draws from her bosom a miniature picture). Mother! mother! intercede for thy unfortunate daughter. *(She presents the portrait to him, and bursts into tears: Muller snatches it violently out of her hand, carries it to a spot lighted by the moon, and gazes on it with much agitation.—Tears start into his eyes—he attempts several times to cast a severe look at Ottilia—she extends her arms, trembling—he wipes his eyes, and, overpowered by his feelings, leans against a tree—she rises, with difficulty, and approaches him).* My father!

Muller (turning away his eyes). Call me not by that name.

Ottilia. My sufferings have been severe.

Muller. In the lap of pleasure.

Ottilia. God has numbered my tears.

Muller. And weighed thy actions.

Ottilia. Forgiveness to the penitent.

Muller. Give me back the hours which my affliction has lengthened into years. *(Ottilia throws herself on her knees in an agony of distress).* Lady, you forget that I am your servant.

Ottilia. Oh you rend my heart!

Muller. A banished man for whose head a reward is offered. Go, betray me to your seducer. He who stole the daughter may well, for gain, murder the father.

Ottilia. Oh! this is too cruel!

Muller (looking on the picture). Excellent woman! Her first cry was the echo to thy last groan! That she might prove the comfort of my old age was thy last wish.

Ottilia. May it be fulfilled! Spirit of my mother give life once more to her lovely features; re-animate her gentle eyes, that she may cast a penetrating look into my father's heart——

Muller. And behold how it has bled!

Ottilia. Can nothing, then, move that heart?—neither the mother's smile nor the daughter's repentance? *(Seeing the nurse approach with the child in the back ground.)* Come then, my son; thy innocent looks, thy winning ways, shall move him. *(Rises hastily, takes the child in her arms, returns, and again kneels).*

Muller (greatly moved). What is this?

Ottilia. Thou slumberest—Oh! sleep not, utter a cry,—a cry of sorrow and suffering which may penetrate thy grand-father's heart!

Muller (looking down on her, as if involuntarily). Ottilia—Is that thy child?

Ottilia. It is my child: it is your blood.

Muller (somewhat softened). Take it away.

Ottilia. Without your blessing?

Muller (anxiously). The damp air—the cold—poor child.

Ottilia. It is not poor, if you love it; nor will it be hurt, if you bless it.

Muller (after a pause in which he struggles with himself). Is it a boy?

Ottilia. A boy that cannot yet fold his little arms, but whom fate may, perhaps, have appointed to be the avenger of his family.

Muller (roused by these words). Perhaps— *(with emotion)*—Perhaps —rise—*(after a pause).* Lay the child on my arms. *(Ottilia obeys, trembling with agitation. Muller looks mournfully on the child).*

Ottilia. My child in my father's arms! This is the happiest moment of my life.

Muller. Wipe off that tear which fell on his face.

Ottilia. Oh no, no! with this tear on my child's cheek shall my father wipe away the fault of his mother.

Muller. Be it so—thou hast conquered—Nature was in league with thee—May heaven bless this child! *(Gives the child to the nurse, who retires),* and you, for your mother's sake, I forgive——

Ottilia (throwing herself into his arms). And my husband—

Muller. He has wounded my heart and my honour.

Ottilia. He is the father of that child.

Muller. Give me time to prepare myself for his arrival.

Ottilia. He is already arrived, and anxiously waits his father's permission to approach him.

Muller (after a pause). Well; I will see him.

Ottilia (in an ecstasy of joy). The load which oppressed my heart is now removed. My father's love has banished it for ever. I again breathe with freedom. I weep, indeed, but my tears are delicious. Woe to the child who, loaded with a father's curse, can think of any happiness on earth.

Muller. I will see him, and put him to the test. I will try whether he be worthy to call a Pompiliani father. *(Offers her his hand).* Come, conduct me.

Ottilia (pressing his hand eagerly to her lips). Oh, Gracious Providence, I lead my father! [*Exeunt.*

(To be continued.)

The YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from page 433.)

LETTER XXX.

Felicia to Frederic.

NO: I will not consent to see you. Too great a degree of presumption had nearly undone me: but I have seasonably snatched my foot from the snare; and henceforward I will no more confide in my own strength. I write to you, because I have much to say, and because it is necessary that we should both at length be released from the cruel situation in which we stand.

I ought to begin by forbidding you to write to me any more: for those tender letters which you send me contain a sort of fascination: in spite of myself, I press them to my lips, and to my heart, into which they diffuse a subtile poison, a devouring flame.... I love you, Frederic, and I have never loved any man but you.... I wish to see you happy; and, could the sacrifice of my life promote your happiness, I would not for a moment hesitate to submit to it. But that I should accomplish that object by an act of infidelity, you cannot—no, Frederic, you cannot desire it.

Thoughtless youth! you wish that Felicia should be yours, exclusively yours! But is she at liberty to dispose of herself? is she mistress of her hand and her heart? If you dare to raise your eyes to that heaven to which we offer an insult, you will there see those oaths recorded, by which she has pledged her conjugal faith. And who is the man whom you wish her to betray? Her husband, and your benefactor! the man who has invited you to his arms—who at this moment protects and supports you—who has reared you, and bestowed on you his affection—whose confidence has made you

you the depositary of his future happiness. An assassin would deprive him of life alone: whereas you, in return for all his kindnesses, would rob him of his honour and his peace, and banish purity and virtue from this house which hitherto had been their constant abode.

Look into your own bosom, Frederic: ask yourself, what worse could the greatest monster do? What! is your soul deaf to that internal voice which loudly cries out to you that you grossly violate the laws both of hospitality and gratitude? Can you dare to raise your eyes to that respectable man whom you blush to call by the name of father? Can you feel his hand pressing yours, without at the same time feeling your heart stung with the sharpest thorns of remorse? Did you suffer no pang yesterday when you saw the tears standing in his eyes?....Oh! that I could have atoned for them with my heart's blood!...You were agitated: I was pale, and trembled. He saw the whole: he knows every thing: the mischief is accomplished; and the innocent person bears the punishment due to the guilty. Wretched Felicia! was it then for the sole purpose of blasting his happiness, that you swore to devote your whole life to him? Faithless woman! does it become you to accuse another, while you are yourself so deeply immersed in guilt?

You, Frederic, were only weak: but I am criminal. I fancy I hear all nature exclaiming against and condemning me: I have not the courage to behold either heaven, or you, or my husband, or myself. If I attempt to embrace my children, I blush to press them to my bosom, from which its former innocence is banished; and the objects which are dearest to me are those which I repel with greatest terror.

Even you, Frederic....it is because I adore you, that you are odious to my sight: it is because I no longer have strength to resist you, that your presence is death to me....Oh! Frederic! flee, quickly flee from this abode: if you be not prompted by duty, let pity prevail on you: the sight of you is a reproach of which I cannot bear the torture. If my life and virtue are dear to you, flee without farther delay: however laudable your resolutions may be, however powerfully they may be supported by honor, they could not long resist the temptations of love and opportunity. Recollect, Frederic, that one unlucky moment might degrade you to the lowest of mankind, and render me the most wretched of my sex: remember too, that if, after you have considered these circumstances, it should again be necessary to command you to retire, you would become so contemptible in my sight, that I should no longer fear you.

I repeat it to you—I am certain that my husband has discovered the whole secret: thus I have no room to dread the suspicions which may be excited by your departure. Besides, you know that Eliza's affairs become every day more and more intricate, and require the assistance of a good accomptant to settle them. Be you, Frederic, the person to perform for her that service: render yourself useful to my friend: go, earn from her a pardon for the mischief you have done to me. In that aimable woman you will find a second Felicia, but wholly exempt from the weaknesses and errors of that Felicia with whom you are at present acquainted. Show yourself such to her eyes, that she shall say there was not except an Eliza or an angel who could resist you. Let your virtues obtain from me her pardon; let

let your efforts restore to me the affections of my friend: to you let me stand indebted for her return to this abode; let every day, every hour, that I enjoy her society, be a boon for which I am obliged to you: let me look up to you as the source of my felicity. It depends on your conduct, Frederic, to make me proud of the tenderness which I feel for you, and of that which I have excited in your bosom: let that tenderness refine and exalt your sentiments; let it revive in your mind all your former ideas of virtue and honor, that I may have your image present to my mind whenever I think of a virtuous or noble, deed. Finally, by becoming the greatest and the best of men, compel my conscience to be silent, that it may suffer my heart to love you without remorse.

Oh! Frederic! if it be true that I am dear to you, learn from me so to foster our mutual love, as not to degrade it by any thing base or contemptible. If you are to me the dearest object in the universe—if my life, my happiness, are centred in you alone—if these effusions of my heart, which it is impossible for me to restrain, disclose to you a small part of what I feel—am I culpable? Was it in my power to prevent those sentiments from springing up in my breast? is it in my power to eradicate them?

But, although I cannot entertain similar sentiments for my husband, does it follow that I may violate the faith which I have pledged to him? Can you dare to think it, Frederic? can you dare to wish it? No! you cannot entertain such an idea: I am too well acquainted with your soul to believe it capable of harbouring such a wish or such a thought; and it is because I am so well acquainted with it, that I adore you. I am confident there is no sacrifice too great for your courage: and, when I have reminded you that honor commands your instant departure, and that Felicia's peace requires it, I know that Frederic cannot for a moment hesitate to obey.

LETTER XXXI.

Frederic to Felicia.

I HAVE perused your letter: and truth, cruel truth, has dissipated the fascinating illusions with which I fed my imagination. The torments of hell have taken possession of my heart: the black gulf of despair yawns before my steps: Felicia commands me to plunge into it: I will not delay my obedience to her injunction.

That sacrifice, which the voice of virtue could never have induced me to make, and which you alone could have obtained of me,—that sacrifice to which no other can be compared, since there is but a single Felicia in the world, and a single heart like mine to love her——that sacrifice, of which I cannot myself measure the extent—I submit to it, however painful it may prove: and I swear to you, Felicia, that I never will attempt to abridge the duration of a life which is consecrated to you, and over which you possess the supreme control. But if grief, becoming more powerful than my fortitude, withers and dries up the sources of my existence, and reduces me to sink under the pressure of affliction for your absence, let me have your promise, Felicia, that you will pardon me my death, and not hate my memory. Rest assured that the hapless youth who adores you, would have rather wished to obey you by devoting himself to unceasing and unheard tortures, than to descend into the peaceful asylum of the grave which you refuse to him.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Felicia to Eliza.

To-morrow, Eliza, he quits me; and it is to you I send him. In surrendering him into your hands, I am not altogether separated from him; and, while he continues with my friend, he cannot be said to have entirely lost sight of me. Console his grief: preserve his life; and, if possible, do more—eradicate me from his heart. Eliza, my dear Eliza! let not the object of my tender affection be the object of your enmity. Why should you despise him, since you still continue to esteem me? why hate him, since you still love me? why should you unjustly accuse him any more than me? If he has disturbed my peace, have I not destroyed his? Are we not equally culpable? or, rather, am not I much more so than he? Is his love greater than mine? do I not secretly burn with as ardent a passion as he? He wished that Felicia were his: and have I not a thousand times formed the same wish within my own bosom? In a word, what crime can you lay to his charge, of which I am not equally guilty? Our guilt is equal, my dear Eliza; but our duties were not so: I was a wife and a mother, whereas he was free from all engagement: I was acquainted with the world; he was void of experience: my fate was fixed, and my heart engaged to another: he, in the youthful bloom of life, and the effervescence of the passions, was, at the age of nineteen, thrown by Fortune into a solitary romantic spot, into the company of a woman who lavished on him the most tender marks of friendship—a woman, at once possessing youth and sensibility, and who perhaps was beforehand with him in harbouring an illegitimate passion.

I was a wife and a mother, my Eliza: yet neither my duty to my husband and children, nor a regard for my character in this world or my eternal salvation in the next, was able to restrain me: I saw Frederic, and suffered my heart to go astray. When the most sacred ties were ineffectual to withhold me from error, can you condemn him for having fallen into it? Since you judge me rather unfortunate than culpable, will not the hapless youth who was conducted hither as a victim, and who tears himself from the unlucky spot by an exertion of courage which I myself would not perhaps be capable of making—will he not become the object of your most liberal indulgence, your tenderest pity? Ah! my dear Eliza! receive him with the warmest friendship; wipe away his tears: recollect, that, at the age of nineteen, he has yet no otherwise known the passions than by the tortures which they inflict, and the pains of disappointment; that, overpowered by this cruel stroke, he would have terminated his existence, if he had not been alarmed for mine. Remember, Eliza, that you are indebted to him for my life···· you are perhaps indebted to him for something more: he respected me when I no longer respected myself: he repressed his transports when I did not blush to give vent to mine: in a word, if he were not the most generous of men, your friend would perhaps at this moment be the most contemptible of women.

LETTER XXXIII.

Felicia to Eliza.

How inexplicable the workings of the human heart!···· He is gone, Eliza; and I have not shed a single tear: he is departed; and his departure seems to have given me new

new life: I feel within me an unusual strength which impels me to unceasing exertions of activity: I cannot remain long in any place, nor be silent, nor sleep. Rest is incompatible with the present state of my frame; and I feel more disposed to chearfulness than calm tranquillity. I have laughed and joked with my husband: my spirits were wound up to an extraordinary pitch: I hardly knew what I was doing; I no longer recognised my former self.

I wish you were here to witness how far I am from being dejected: yet I do not on the other hand experience that soothing and peaceful satisfaction which arises from the consciousness of having done our duty—I rather feel myself affected by certain irregular and disorderly emotions which might be mistaken for a fever if I were not otherwise in perfect health.

Will you believe that I feel no impatience to hear from him, and that I am equally indifferent to every thing concerning him, as if he were a perfect stranger?—I assure you, Eliza, that his departure has been extremely serviceable to me: and I think my heart is perfectly cured of its late wound....

Was it not this morning that he quitted us? I scarcely know how the time passes: I fancy that the various revolutions which have taken place in my bosom since yesterday could hardly have happened within so short a space.... yet it is a positive fact that this morning was the time which witnessed Frederic's departure. I have reckoned only twelve hours since he tore himself from my sight: and whence happens it that the voice of the clock has assumed so melancholy a tone? Every time that it sounds, I experience an involuntary fit of shuddering.... Poor Frederic! each succeeding hour hurries you to a greater distance from me! each moment removes farther from me the time when I last saw you! and the hours of happiness which I spent in your society are passed, for ever gone!.... Overwhelming reflexion! days will succeed to days—the usual order of things will continue uninterrupted—but Frederic will no longer be here! The light will revisit my eyes: but they will no longer discover you, no longer see in the universe the only human being on whom they would delight to dwell.... What a solitude, my dear Eliza! I am lost in a boundless ocean: I am sick of the tedious duration of life: in vain I struggle to escape from my own thoughts: the weight of a single hour oppresses me; and, to increase my sufferings, busy imagination presents to my view those tedious melancholy hours which futurity has still in reserve for me....

But why entertain you with these reflexions?...I had intended to write on a different theme—to tell you of his departure: and what is it which diverts my pen from its purpose?.... When I attempt to fix my thoughts on that subject, a confused instinct diverts them to a different direction: and, when the shades of night surround me, and sleep pervades the rest of the world, I fancy that his departure is perhaps only a dream. But that delusion cannot continue: it is but too true that Frederic is gone: my cold motionless hand was locked in his: my eyes had not a tear to shed for him, my lips not a word to say to him....On that wall I saw his shadow appear, and then disappear for ever from my sight: I heard his last steps on the threshold of the door; I heard the rattling of the carriage which conveyed him from me gradually diminish and subside into a dead silence...

My dear Eliza! I have been obliged to interrupt my letter: I felt an

an uncommon sensation of pain: I experienced a certain suffocation: my heart was swollen: I was unable to breathe: I required fresh air: I went out into the garden, where the cool evening air had already begun to relieve me, when I observed a light in monsieur de Belleville's apartment, and even thought that I could perceive him at the window. Alarmed lest he should attribute my uneasiness to Frederic's departure, I hastily returned to the house But alas! Eliza! I am almost certain, not only that he saw my motions in the garden, but that he knows the present state of my bosom. I hoped however to remove all suspicion by being the first to speak of Frederic's departure: and, by an effort of which nothing could render me capable except my regard for his welfare, I mentioned that event without confusion or embarrassment.

At the first words that I uttered, I thought I saw a slight gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. Nevertheless he gravely asked me what were the motives which made me approve Frederic's project. I answered, that, as your affairs required the assistance of an active and intelligent person, and as this was a time of vacation in the manufactory, I thought it was the most convenient moment for his absence, and that I earnestly wished his exertions might enable you to come to us the sooner.

Frederic was present when I began to speak: but he said not a word: with his eyes downcast and his countenance pale, he silently waited for monsieur de Belleville's answer. My husband, steadily fixing his eyes on each of us in turn, said, "Why may not I go instead of Frederic? I am better acquainted than he with the nature of your friend's affairs, whereas he is perfectly capable of managing mine here. Besides, he directs Adolphus's studies with such zeal and success as give me the greatest satisfaction: and my heart has been more than once affected by seeing him exert toward that child a degree of patience which proves the warmth and sincerity of his friendship to the father."

These words were a thunderstroke to Frederic. It is, no doubt, a cruel wound to a man of feeling to receive commendation from the lips of that very friend whom he is in the very act of betraying: and the expression of esteem to a person whose heart tells him that it is undeserved, humbles him more than even the avowal that he has ceased to merit it.

We all continued silent: my husband expected an answer, which not receiving, he addressed Frederic, and

"How," he asked, "do you decide the matter, my friend? Are you to remain? am I to go?"

Frederic dropped on his knees at monsieur de Belleville's feet, and, bathing them with his tears, "I will go," he exclaimed in a forcible and heart-rending tone—"Father, I will go; and, for once at least, I will show myself worthy of you."

My husband, without seeming to comprehend these last words, or asking any explanation of their meaning, affectionately raised him from his lowly posture, and, pressing him to his bosom,

"Go, my son!" said he, "Remember your father. Aid virtue with all your might and courage; and do not return hither till the object of your journey shall have been accomplished."——Then turning to me, "Felicia!" he added, "receive Frederic's adieux, and the promise which I make in his name, never to forget the wife of his friend, the respectable mother of a family. These are

are the features under which you ought to live engraven in his heart: the image of your personal beauty may be obliterated from his memory; but that of your virtues will remain indeleble.— "My son," he continued, "I take on myself the charge of writing to you concerning your friends. The performance of that duty will be so pleasing to me, that I reserve it for myself alone."

That last expression, Eliza, is a positive prohibition to me to write. I felt its full force: but it was unnecessary: for, since I spontaneously consent to a separation from Frederic, no person has a right to call my courage into question. Ah! doubtless, that inconceivable effort has raised me from my former state of weakness: and, the stronger my late passion for him, the more glorious my present triumph! No! no! if the heart of Felicia was too tender to resist a criminal impression, it is too noble to leave room for suspecting her of an act of baseness. Why then did monsieur de Belleville seem afraid to leave me alone in Frederic's company during those last moments? Did he think me incapable of completing the sacrifice? Had he not seen me behold with the tearless eye of indifference all the preparations for the youth's departure? Had my fortitude afterward forsaken me even for one moment? In a word, Eliza, I felt not the smallest necessity for the privacy of retirement; and, during the entire day, I never once had quitted monsieur de Belleville. I supported the conversation with an ease, a vivacity, a volubility, surpassing what is usual in me. I spoke of a Frederic as I would have spoken of any other person: I even think that I indulged in some jokes: I played with my children: and all this, Eliza, was done without the smallest effort. I must however own that my ideas are to a certain degree confused; and I am sensible that it sometimes happens to me to speak without thinking. I fear that Monsieur de Belleville imagined there was an appearance of constraint in my conduct; for he did not cease to view me with a countenance of grief and solicitude. In the evening he laid his hand on my forehead, and feeling it extremely hot, "You are not well, Felicia," said he, "I even think you somewhat feverish. Go, lie down, my dear."

"In effect," I replied, "I think I stand in great need of a little rest." But, having looked into the glass as I uttered these words, I perceived that the uncommon brilliancy of my eyes gave a flat contradiction to my remark, and trembling lest my husband should suspect me of having told an untruth for the purpose of quitting his company, I sat down again, saying, I should prefer passing the evening here: it is only in your society that I feel myself happy."

"Felicia!" he replied—"What you have last said is perhaps more true than you imagine. I know you well, my dear: and I am convinced that you can find neither peace, nor consequently happiness, except in the path of innocence."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Felicia!" said he—"you understand my meaning: and I have discovered the state of your mind. Suffice it for you to know that I am satisfied with you. Ask me no further questions. For the present, my dear, retire to rest, and, if possible, calm the excessive agitation of your spirits."

Without adding one word more, or showing me the slightest mark of conjugal affection, he quitted the apartment. I now remained in solitude. What a vacuum! what silence! On every side my imagination

nation beheld a crowd of dismal phantoms: every object appeared to me a ghost, every sound a death-cry. I could neither sleep, nor think, nor exist: to escape from myself, I roamed about the house; but, finding my efforts fruitless, I took up my pen to write to you. At least this letter will reach the place which he inhabits: his eyes will see this paper which my hands have touched: he will conclude that Felicia has written in it his name: that will be one remaining link, the last which connects us with happiness and life.... But, alas! does not heaven command us to break all those fascinating ties? This secret pleasure which I feel in thinking, that, amid the surrounding vacuum, our souls will still hold communion with each other from a distance—is it not the last remnant of my weakness? Ah! must I with my own hands cruelly tear asunder these pleasing bonds? Must I at length cease to think of him, and live a stranger to every thing which renders life desirable?—Ah! my Eliza! while my duty commands me to remain on earth and to forget Frederic, why can I not also forget the possibility of death?

(To be continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

WHITE handkerchiefs, shawls, and aprons, are still in fashion. They are edged with lace or with a fringe—some times of muslin. Gingham robes in large squares are still worn. Buckles begin to be much more worn for the robes than buttons, which were never in general use. Silk spencers of a green or violet colour, without lappels, or sleeves, and resembling corsets, have lately been much worn. The robes have very long trains.

The *straw hat with the edge turned up*, which is now in great vogue, is generally striped. The crown, instead of rising perpendicular from the head, falls behind. It has a narrow edge, turned back, a bunch of flowers in the front, and a loop and button on the right side. The hair appears full in the forehead, like the bull's front, and is worn long enough behind to reach the tip of the shoulder. Some of these *chapeaux* are ornamented with three steel buckles in front. At first, these buckles were worn very small, but now they are in the other extreme; they are oval or square, and sometimes one is substituted of an oblong shape, and sometimes two small diamond buttons like those worn on the sleeves of the robe.

Lozenges of white, on a white ground, are used instead of lace trimming for the edge of the handkerchief, shawls, aprons, and sleeves. The ribbons are white, or amaranthus: the latter is the prevailing colour. Black crape is also much in fashion. A black hat and feather, and tunic of black crape, constitute a very common dress.

The bags, called *ridicules*, have not changed their shape. They are in lozenge, or sexagons, with a small tassel at each angle. In capotes and ribbands the violet and dark green prevail over jonquil. Bracelets in hair, pear-shaped ear-rings, medallions on square plates, saltiers of coloured stones, are still in fashion. Small chased watches, in a ring, are not yet very common. Another ornament more rare, because more new, is an open cornelian, with two crystals surrounded with pearls, forming a medallion, made to receive a lock of hair.

The fashionable flowers are honey-suckles, daisies, and moss-roses.

Several dashing belles have appeared in cloaks of green crape, decked with white ribbands.

Jackets without sleeves, made of embroidered *linen* (cambric), and ornamented with lace, have lately been much in vogue.

Another new fashion, and much admired, is to cross the *fichu* over the breast in the shape of an X. A clasp, set with diamonds, or small pearls, forms the ornament of the central point of the X. The zone is still tied in the shape of an X, and, with the ends, hanging down to a considerable length.

For about two years past, the dealers in trinkets used to sell small fancy figures of birds, clustres of flowers, &c. in paste, set in neat frames. Some jewellers have set fancy flowers of this description in medallions of an oblong shape.

The fashionable colours worn by gentlemen are grey, and all deep colours; such as dark green, bottle green, and dark blue. The neck of the coat is not so long, and the lappels are not so square as before, and are beginning to be cut in a zig-zag kind of shape.

The amaranthus colour, and buckles, are still the fashion. The latter are worn upon the hats, on the back of the robes, and the ends of the sleeves. On the back of the robe there are generally four small ones, or one large one; on each sleeve two, and even so many as eight upon the hat, but most commonly only four. Almost all our elegant women have no other head-dress than what is formed by the disposition of the hair. The cestus is still worn, crossed on the back like an X; but some, within these few days, place the knot before instead of behind. The handkerchief is also worn crossed upon the bosom, but it is not in general placed so as to form an X. Sometimes after the ends cross, instead of diverging, they unite, and thus form a Y instead of an X. Black crape tunics, with a *paysane* bonnet, the hair dressed *à la Grecque*, or a black hat, are still in fashion. A black cestus is often worn over a white one, and, lately, black mantalets have come into use.

The newest head dress is a white satin hat, plaited in diamonds, round and high, with a very narrow brim.

Maxims *and* Reflections.

(From the French.)

IN order to be philosophers, we should not despair at the afflicting discoveries we often make in acquiring a knowledge of mankind. It is necessary, in order to know them, to triumph over the displeasure they create, as an anatomist triumphs over nature, its organs, and irregularities, that he may acquire skill in his profession.

In great matters, men show themselves as they would wish to appear; in little matters, as they are.

Wicked men sometimes do good actions. It is an experiment. They are curious to know whether goodness be followed by those rewards which good people pretend.

Those who refer every thing to opinion, resemble certain comedians, who play ill to be applauded when the public taste is bad. An honest actor plays as well as he can, without thinking of the gallery.

There are more fools than wise men; and in a wise man more folly than wisdom.

He who would have happiness too strictly connected with reason, who examines things too nicely, and cavils with his enjoyments, in pursuit of pure and delicate pleasure, will never possess any thing. He is like a man who cards his mattrass until there is none of it left, and he sleeps on the ground.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

HARVEST HOME.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

WHO has not seen the cheerful HARVEST HOME!
Enliv'ning the scorch'd field, and greeting gay
The slow decline of Autumn? All around
The yellow sheaves, catching the burning beam,
Glow, golden-lustred; and the trembling stem
Of the slim oat, or azure corn flow'r,
Waves on hedge-rows shady. From the hill
The day-breeze softly steals with downward wing,
And lightly passes, whisp'ring the soft sounds
Which moan the death of Summer. Glowing scene!
Nature's long holiday! Luxuriant, rich,
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks
Their graces, now mature, and wonder-fraught!

Hail! season exquisite!—and hail, ye sons
Of rural toil!—ye blooming daughters!—ye,
Who, in the lap of hardy labour rear'd,
Enjoy the mind unspotted! Up the plain,
Or on the sidelong hill, or in the glen,
Where the rich farm, or scatter'd hamlet, shows
The neighbourhood of peace ye still are found,
A merry and an artless throng, whose souls
Beam thro' untutor'd glances. When the dawn
Unfolds its sunny lustre, and the dew
Silvers the out-stretch'd landscape, labour's sons
Rise, ever healthful,—ever cheerily,
From sweet and soothing rest; for fev'rish dreams
Visit not lowly pallets! All the day
They toil in the fierce beams of fervid noon—
But toil without repining! The blithe song,
Joining the woodland melodies afar,
Flings its rude cadence in fantastic sport
On Echo's airy wing! The pond'rous load
Follows the weary team: the narrow lane
Bears on its thick-wove hedge the scatter'd corn,
Hanging in scanty fragments, which the thorn
Purloin'd from the broad waggon.

On the plain
The freckled gleaner gathers the scant sheaf,
And looks, with many a sigh, on the tythe heap
Of the proud pamper'd pastor! To the brook
That ripples, shallow, down the valley's slope,
The herds slow measure their unvaried way;—
The flocks along the heath are dimly seen
By the faint torch of Ev'ning, whose red eye
Closes in tearful silence. Now the air
Is rich in fragrance! fragrance exquisite!
Of new mown hay, of wild thyme dewy wash'd,
And gales ambrosial, which, with cooling breath,
Ruffle the lake's gray surface. All around
The thin mist rises, and the busy tones
Of airy people, borne on viewless wings,
Break the short pause of Nature. From the plain
The rustic throngs come cheerly, their loud din

Augments

Augments to mingling clamour. Sportive hinds,
Happy!—more happy than the lords ye serve!—
How lustily your sons endure the hour
Of wint'ry desolation; and how fair
Your blooming daughters greet the op'ning dawn
Of love-inspiring Spring!

Hail! Harvest Home!
To thee, the Muse of Nature pours the song,
By instinct taught to warble; instinct pure,
Sacred, and grateful, to that POW'R ADOR'D,
Which warms the sensate being, and reveals
The soul self-evident!—beyond the dreams
Of visionary sceptics! Scene sublime!
Where Earth presents her golden treasuries;
Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart
Delights unspeakable! Where seas and skies,
And hills and valleys, colours, odours, dews,
Diversify the work of Nature's GOD!

SAPPHO—TO TIME.

STEAL softly on, O! ruthless Time!
And wake no more my breast:
Give to my sense thy balm sublime;
Or, still in apathy secure,
Teach me thy changes to endure—
At least in fancied rest!

Paint not the scenes of love and joy
Which erst this bosom prov'd;
And tell me not that pleasures cloy;
That *feeling* is a poison sure—
That *Love* will never own a cure—
For I have felt—and lov'd.

Tell me no more that busy life
Is planted thick with weeds;
That man is ever prone to strife—
That sordid Vice is still the theme
Of worldly toils unpleasing dream—
While truth in silence bleeds.

O! Time! how often hast thou shown
Perspectives fair and gay!
And, ere my summer hour has flown,
What clouds have gather'd far and wide—
What phantoms on those clouds would glide
To darken Pleasure's day!

How falsely did'st thou, smiling, bring
Delusive hopes and fears!
Yet, while in Youth's ecstatic Spring,
I mark'd my ever-varying form—
Swift gliding on the passing storm—
And scatt'ring Sorrow's tears!

Yet, envious Time! in vain thy pow'rs
My shatter'd feelings chill!
I do not fear thy darkest hours;
In vain my pensive soul shall mark
A long perspective—lone—and dark,
That Soul illumin'd still!

The ills of life I smiling view—
The dæmons of their hour!
And tho' my pleasures are but few,
The little I enjoy must fade,
And wither in the tomb's deep shade—
The victims of thy pow'r!

Then, Time, pass on! nor think to move
A mind that heeds not thee!
I am no more the slave of Love—
To FRIENDSHIP I devote my soul,
And, by the spirit's mild controul,
Brave Human Destiny!

SAPPHO.

LINES

TO S——N F——D, ESQ. CAPTAIN OF THE B——D—Y VOLUNTEER CORPS, ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH MISS C—R OF LEATHERHEAD.

ACCEPT, dear sir, the poet's lay;
(The subject is your wedding day)
My muse her humble tribute brings
Of Hymen's sacred rites she sings.
Assist me, O ye tuneful Nine,
To form aright the pleasing line;
And me your votary inspire
To sing, as once did *Matthew Prior*;
Give me his fluency of verse,
Whilst I the nuptial theme rehearse.
Hail!

Hail! happy day, when Hymen's bands
Secur'd your hearts and join'd your hands;
A day as welcome sure to you
As any day you ever knew;
When kind Miss C—, with circumspection
Gave up herself to your direction:
Her fortune, hand, and heart, resign'd
To captain F—d, with willing mind;
Left Leatherhead she lik'd so well
With you in Bermondsey to dwell.

In conscious innocence array'd,
What charms she on that day display'd;
For charms she has! I will aver,—
As you can testify, dear sir:
A charming face she has, I find;
And you must know her charming mind:
By frequent converse with that fair
You'll find the beauties which are there.
I, who had but a transient gaze,
Can only her exterior praise;
Her face, her form, I much approve,
And much commend you for your love;
You could not make a better choice:
(Think not you hear a flatt'rer's voice,
I speak not as a poet now,
But as a man I firmly vow).

Now, will you give me leave, dear friend,
To wish you joy that ne'er shall end,
But be coëval with your life,
And you so long possess your wife:
May you each other more revere!
Be happier each revolving year!
Your children love, your God adore,
And both be blest for evermore!

J. H. PRINCE.

STANZAS TO MARY.

ADIEU all joy! adieu deluding hopes!
Fortune, with sullen aspect, on me frowns;
Mary, her heart, no longer to me opes,
And disappointment all love's pleasure drowns.

These gloomy showers, these lowly pendent clouds,
Suit well the sorrows of my grieving heart;
The sad affliction which my bosom crowds
Bespeaks my passion but augments the smart.

Ye vain delusions! whither are ye fled?
Alas!—what pleasing pictures have I schem'd
Of such a life as never mortal led!
And ever of my lovely Mary dream'd.

Ungen'rous girl! whose too ensnaring charms
Have filled my bleeding heart with woeful grief,
To clasp thee in my longing stretch'd-out arms
Is what alone could now afford relief.

But—cruel Mary! all attempts are vain
To court thy smiles or captivate thy heart,
And serve but to increase the gnawing pain,
Or make more poignant the ill-fated dart.

Whither, oh! whither, then, shall I repair
To seek relief for my tormented mind?
Since 'tis deny'd me to possess the fair,
No consolation can I ever find.

T. B.—T. Y.

THE NORWEGIAN.

WHEN doubtful twilight dims the polar noon,
And rays, reflected from the mountains, glow
Against the rising of the winter moon,
The cold Norwegian, from involving snow,
Clears his frail bark; and, when the first faint ray
Shines on the billow's ice-encumber'd foam,
Fearless he launches on his trackless way,
And on the stormy ocean hails his home!

When o'er his head, upon the misty height,
The harsh sea-eagle rears her airy nest,
And cheers, with clamours rude, the Boreal night,
No thrilling raptures swell his simple breast

From

From all the glories rushing on his eye—
The awful sweep of waves and star-encircled sky!

SONGS
IN THE NEW COMIC OPERA OF "WHAT A BLUNDER."

SONG—LEONORA.

THE hope which animates my heart,
And makes me ev'ry fear dismiss—
Deceitful joy can ne'er impart;
No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold,
The radiant clouds adorn the skies,
They thus prepare us to behold
To-morrow's sun in splendor rise.

Yes, I'll indulge the dear belief,
That happy morrows are in store—
And trust that voice which tells me, grief
Shall never haunt my bosom more.
The hope which animates, &c.

SONG—DASHINGTON.

OH, what a most horrid sensation
I feel at this terrible minute!
A curse on this flame-loving nation,
That I should be ever caught in it!
The bent of the mind,
From it pleasures we find,
And what is a Spaniard's delight?
Why his great holiday,
Is an auto-da-fé,
And its bon-fire's the joy of his sight.
Ah, shortly there'll be,
A blaze made of me,
At some joyful events' celebration;
On a festival night
They'll set me alight
To make part of a grand 'lumination.
The national taste
In horror is placed,
Their Escurial's a symbol of malice;
They, plainly to prove
For torture their love,
In gridiron-shape built a palace.
For a fault e'er so small,
Or for no fault at all,
Here a man dies the death of a sinner;
As gospel 'tis true,
He'll be burn'd for a Jew
Who cannot eat pork for his dinner.
What an idiot was I
Dear England to fly,
Where good humour so justly is boasted;
O curse on such folk
As can't take a joke,
Here must I for a frolic be roasted.

LINES
WRITTEN AT SWELLEN, NEAR CORF CASTLE, PURBECK, DORSET.

OFT on thy white clifts do I pensive stray,
To seek composure to my throbbing breast;
How oft the bosom of the main survey,
Haply to soothe my cank'ring care to rest!
All efforts try my lost peace to regain,
But still O ever, ever 'tis in vain!
I find no respite, no release from pain.

IMPROMPTU
WRITTEN ON A PERUSAL OF MR. DIMOND'S LATE PUBLICATION OF "PETRARCHAL SONNETS."

HAIL Dimond hail! whose soft enchanting lyre
Adds a new trophy to our British choir.
No more shall southern Italy retain
Her vaunted sov'reignty in tender strain;
No more shall rude Valcluse exclusive claim
Th' immortal radiance of her Petrarch's fame;
By thee, blest bard! their long-preserved boast
Is sever'd now, to deck thy native coast,
And Albion hails, with joyous sympathy,
A rival Petrarch grace her isle in thee.

EMMA.

Clarges-Street, Aug. 29.

EPIGRAM.
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

OUR sickness on the Doctor health bestows,
The Lawyer wisdom to our folly owes.
Cease then, deluded mortals, to be blind,
Be temperate in body and in mind,
Avoid excess, and each base passion shun,—
The Doctor dies, the Lawyer is undone.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Rome, July 28.

IT appears that the tranquillity of the southern part of Italy cannot much longer continue; for the French are preparing to carry the war into the kingdom of Naples; and for that purpose have applied to the Pope for a free passage through the Ecclesiastical State, on which application several state conferences have been held, though nothing has yet been determined. Whatever, indeed, may be the answer, it is not to be supposed that the French will relinquish their design; should a passage be refused them, they will no doubt force one. Thus, if the armistice with Austria continues, the theatre of war will soon be removed to another part of Italy.

It is beyond a doubt that the First Consul of the French Republic is treating with the Pope for the restoration of the catholic religion in France, and the recall of the exiled bishops. His Holiness has already communicated this proposition to a college of cardinals; and a secret congregation has been held on the subject.

Constantinople, July 28. A few days ago fresh intelligence reached us from Egypt.

General Kleber has been murdered, and general Menou has succeeded him in his command. It is reported that a Janissary, under the pretence of delivering a petition to Kleber, stabbed him. General Menou, in a letter which he wrote to sir Sidney Smith, says, that the assassin had been purposely sent from Gaza to commit the murder. But there are sufficient reasons to believe the contrary; and Menou himself is accused of having hired the murderer, an Egyptian in disguise, who was cut in pieces immediately after the assassination.

Lisbon, August 2. Last week an express arrived in great speed from Madrid, and a council of state was immediately called. Since then two other expresses have come in, and there have been many councils held. Orders have been issued to press every person that could be laid hold of for the army and navy. The frontiers have been directed to be held in readiness for defence, and the packet has been retained till to-morrow, to send the result of the councils to England. To guard against accidents, the other packet is to sail on Thursday next with duplicates. You will ask, Why all this confusion? I am going to tell you. Buonaparte has sent propositions of peace to this government, which are said to be a demand of ten millions of crusades (about 2*s.* 6*d.* each), that the ports should be open to the French, and that they should be here upon equal privileges with the most favoured nations. He gives sixty days for a definitive answer, after which none will be accepted; and threatens, in case of refusal, to march sixty thousand men into Portugal. He concludes by saying, "You know me well enough to be sure that I never say any thing I do not perform." If England agrees to these requisitions, we may go on pretty well, but upon her determination depends every thing.

Bologna, Aug. 4. The mal-contents in Romagna, and the neighbouring country, continually become more daring. A number of them, on the 26th of July, fell upon a French detachment, which was in garrison in Civitella, in the vicinity of Cesena, and cut it to pieces to the last man. A detachment of 600 French, with a piece of artillery, immediately began its march towards Civitella, and the insurgents fled precipitately into the Florentine territory, where they are said to be secretly supported by other armed mal-contents. It is therefore said, that in the negotiations that have taken place between the generals Melas and Massena, representations have been made on this subject.

General Massena, on account of the disturbances that still prevail in Piedmont, has ordered the disarming of the inhabitants.

Ancona, Aug. 6. The court of Vienna, after the battle of Maringo, ceded the state of Rome to the Pope. The imperial commissary, Cavallar, resigned the exercise of his functions to monseigneur Vidoni, the Pope's delegate. This day the commissary resumed his functions, and the Pope has ceded to the Emperor the city, the fort, and the port of Ancona.

Lisbon, Aug. 7. It is now said, that in the propositions made to Portugal by France, no money is demanded. The terms are an offensive and defensive alliance; that the privileges of the French shall be equal to those of the most favoured nations; that six ships of each of the belligerent powers may be received in the Tagus, and no more; and lastly, that Goa shall be ceded to France, for which she offers to give to Portugal a tract of land contiguous to the Brazils. The answer of this government is said to be, that Portugal certainly wishes for peace, and is ready to treat with France, provided the terms offered be not inconsistent with her treaties with England, who has been her ally for so long a period, and with whom she is determined to preserve her friendship. It is added, that some of the propositions now made, are evidently of a nature that cannot be complied with.

Naples, Aug. 8. Every thing has the appearance of a real revolution in this city. The people suspecting the troops of the line, whom they accuse of treason, have entirely disarmed them, taken the castles, and put garrisons into them. The viceroy and the junto have retired to the isle of Isichia, which they had the precaution to cause to be fortified. The people speak only of the defence of the holy faith. They have no apparent chief, but receive their impulse from these discontented families, the heads of which have been condemned by the royal terrorists. If any of them could gain so much of the confidence of the people as to be acknowledged for their chief, nothing could prevent a revolution.

Berlin, Aug. 12. A courier from Petersburgh has arrived at Berlin, with the ratification of a treaty concluded between the two courts. The court of London neglects nothing to connect itself more closely with that of Petersburgh. It seems to have redoubled its efforts within the last month. What appears extraordinary to all the ministers of the northern courts is, that the minister of Russia receives with distinction lord Carysfort, to whom he gave a magnificent supper on the night of the day the latter was presented to the king.

Stockholm, Aug. 19. A terrible fire has laid waste the handsome city of Calmar in Smaaland; 150 houses have been burned down, and great numbers of persons reduced to the utmost distress. The crown suffers a loss to a very great amount in the stores of the arsenal and magazines which have been consumed.

Besides the two Russian frigates, with marine cadets, which were here, a third Russian frigate, with cadets, has arrived at Carlscrona, to take a view of the fleet, the harbour, and other objects worthy notice. The Russians are treated with the utmost respect and distinction, and various entertainments have been provided for them.

Leghorn, Aug. 20. Letters from Naples state, that the nobles nominated by the king to be members of the conservative senate of the noblesse, and to form the Golden Book, have refused to accept the situation. The count de Canversano, of the family of Aqua Viva, one of the first in the kingdom, has set the example, and the rest have followed it. The presence of the French in Italy, the troubles which prevail in the two Sicilies, and which announce a terrible reaction, have no doubt contributed to inspire this courageous resolution.

Vienna, Aug. 20. General count St. Julien is gone to the head-quarters of general Kray.

Count Keller, the minister of his Prussian majesty, after having made a visit to our minister for foreign affairs, is gone to meet his sovereign in Silesia. He is expected back in a short time.

The day before yesterday the English embassador, lord Minto, sent off a se-

a second extraordinary courier to his court, who, we are assured, carries to London the ratification of the treaty concluded with Great Britain on the 20th of June, which has been for some time delayed by the circumstances which have intervened. The execution of the article relative to the loan of two millions sterling will therefore find no difficulty. How that article of the treaty, by which Austria engages to make every exertion against the common enemy, will now be understood, is not known. It is believed, however, that certain conditions, and new modifications, will be annexed to this part of the treaty. This treaty, it is said, was some time ago communicated to Buonaparte, under an assurance that the articles contained in it should alter nothing either in the convention or armistice concluded after the battle of Maringo, on the 14th of June, or in the overtures of peace which had been made.

The Neapolitan minister, the marquis de Gallo, is expected at Rome, to compliment the Pope; whence he will go to Vienna. Some expect that he will be deputy from Naples at the ensuing congress for peace.

The army of general Melas has been reinforced within the last month with not less than 27,000 men.

Strasburgh, Aug. 26. Yesterday the report was circulated that the mission of Duroc had been unsuccessful, and that hostilities would soon be renewed. This report, to which we did not wish to give credit, is unfortunately confirmed. The blindness of the house of Austria, or more properly the Anglo-Neapolitan party, which exercises the greatest influence, is such, that the Emperor has not thought proper to accept the moderate propositions that have been made by the Chief Consul: but has proposed others, incompatible with the honour and safety of France.

A courier has already departed for the head-quarters at Augsburgh, carrying, it is said, to the chief of the staff, Desolles, the order to signify to general Kray the cessation of the armistice. Moreau, Lecourbe, St. Suzanne, and other generals, are quitting our city to return to Germany to gather new laurels. All the absent officers are ordered to join; the transports of artillery continue; and the most vigorous preparations are making for war.

27. General Moreau set off yesterday at noon for Augsburgh, from whence he will proceed to Munich. All hopes of peace are not yet extinct. Notice of the cessation of the armistice, it is true, will be announced to the Austrians, and the period when hostilities will recommence is fixed for the 11th of September. Yet if the House of Austria should change its opinion, and if it should accept the *ultimatum* of our government, it is more than probable that war will not begin anew. In no time during the war has the army of the Rhine been more formidable. The arrears are paid, and the exactest discipline maintained. All the divisions of the army have received orders to march, and to concentrate themselves in Bavaria, and on the Tyrol.

Paris, Aug. 29. An English fleet, of twelve ships of war and eighty transports, has appeared before Belle Isle. It is believed that the English wished to debark, and the garrison and the inhabitants promised themselves much pleasure in receiving them. But they suddenly weighed anchor and disappeared. The English have been amusing themselves with sounding the coasts from Brittany to Batavia. They have been long enough employed in cruising in these parts to be well acquainted with them.

General Bernadotte has disposed every thing upon the coast; but such is the ardour of the troops, and the tranquillity of the departments lately insurgent, that it is thought they can safely dispatch the 52 demi-brigades to the army of reserve, notwithstanding the menaces of a disembarkation by the English. They fear these sounders no more on the coast of the north; for a new detachment of the army of Batavia is gone to rejoin the army under Angereau.

The right wing of the French army of Italy has evacuated Pesaro and a great part of Romagna, and is concentrating itself near Imola.

HOME NEWS.

London, Aug. 26.

AN examination took place on Thursday afternoon before the justices at Union Hall, of a nature shocking in the recital.

The wife of a captain in the West-India trade some time since brought from Jamaica a young girl of colour, of the name of Jane Morgan, whose present age is about 13 years. The captain is now on a voyage, and his lady resides at Walworth. On the 26th inst. (as came out in evidence before the magistrates), the poor child having incurred the displeasure of her mistress, was ordered to be stripped to the skin, and in that state was cut with a whip in a most barbarous manner, not only over her back, but her head, face, and throat, in a way too shocking to describe. A companion of this *humane* lady then took a *spell*, and finished what her worthy friend had begun, by beating the child so as to drive her, in her naked state, to take refuge out of the house, in a bye place, where she was found by the watchman, and taken to Mr. Gladwin, one of the overseers of the parish, who, much to his credit, brought the lady and her friend forward. The magistrates, as well as all present, strongly expressed their indignation at their conduct, and, after a long examination, committed Mrs. Aitkin and Jane How to the county gaol.

Nottingham, Sept. 1. In consequence of the advance in the price of wheat (which has arisen not from any actual scarcity, but the late rain preventing the farmers from bringing their grain to market), a rash and misguided mob collected together last night, and began their depredations by assailing the windows of the principal bakers, breaking open their doors, and absolutely stealing all the bread and flour they could find. The mob commenced their operations about 8 o'clock; and the present worthy chief magistrate, conceiving they would not proceed to extremities, forbore to call out the soldiery until 11, by which time the whole town was in alarm, and serious injury had been sustained by the bakers, to whom no blame can be attributed. At length the soldiers arrived from the barracks, headed by the mayor, and immediately the rioters dispersed, but it was only to resume their depredations in another quarter of the town. They proceeded to the banks of the river Trent, where they found several barges laden with wheat, many sacks of which they seised, and divided among the women and children, who took home their booty in every direction. They afterwards assailed one of the warehouses, the property of a baker, where a quantity of flour was deposited; this they scattered about, and a considerable portion of it was absolutely trampled under foot. The dragoons by this time made their appearance, and hostility again subsided. Some of the ringleaders were taken into custody, but afterwards rescued by the mob. The town is now in a state of confusion—the market-place crowded with rioters, whom the presence of the soldiery only overawe. The magistrates, actuated by the most humane motives, are doing every thing in their power to quell the disturbances. The volunteers have not yet been called out. The poor are in the utmost distress, and cannot, even for money, obtain flour;—something effectual must be done to relieve them.

Riots nearly similar have also broken out at Mansfield, and in the whole neighbourhood round Nottingham. This measure has caused, we hope, but a momentary stagnation amongst the manufactories. The working people are all parading the streets.

London, Sept. 5. Yesterday a person, calling himself a gentleman, of the

he name of Todd, was brought before he sitting magistrate, at Guildhall, for having stolen a silver table-spoon, salt-spoon, and top of a pepper-box, from Mr. Leach, of the London coffee-house, into whose coffee-room he went to take soup. He was discovered in the fact, and was committed for trial on the clearest evidence. It seems he had been at Bow-street some time since on a similar charge, for stealing a spoon from the Navy coffee-house, but was released out of consideration to his friends, who promised to send him on-board of ship.

6. The Gazette of this day communicated to the public the failure of the expedition against Ferrol. The Spaniards had made such preparations, and the nature of the country and the works erected were so strong, that it was thought proper to abandon the enterprise, and the troops were re-embarked.

Stamford, Sept. 5. About 8 o'clock in the evening of Monday the 1st. inst. a tumultuous assemblage of persons, induced by the extravagant price of provisions, paraded the streets of this town, breaking the windows of the principal bakers, and demurring at the small size of the loaves of bread. The magistrates endeavoured for some time by argument, and securing a few of the most vociferous complainants, to restore tranquillity; but finding their efforts insufficient, and that the mob rather increased than dispersed, they were induced to request the attendance of the volunteer infantry to aid the civil power in the restoration of order. This attempt was prematurely frustrated by the rioters breaking the drum; but an escort having been procured; the charge was beat, and the greater part of the corps, with an alacrity that would have done credit to regular veteran troops, assembled immediately opposite the theatre, where they paraded until 12 o'clock, the mob having by that time almost entirely dispersed, after being harangued by the mayor and officers of the corps, who exposed the folly of such illegal and dangerous attempts to gain redress.

Newcastle, Sept. 6. On Thursday morning last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, there was a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which raised many people in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, in great consternation, from their beds. The flashes were exceedingly vivid, and the thunder tremendously loud. During this storm, a fire broke out in a small warehouse in the croft, belonging to Mr. Reed, of this town, china-man, which at first excited considerable alarm, on the idea that it was caused by the lightning; it was however got under before any great damage was done. It appears the fire was caused by over-heating a china oven.

Derby, Sept. 6. This day, I am sorry to say, there has been a very serious riot in Chesterfield, created chiefly by a body of miners from Ashover, who fixed a maximum upon every marketable article. Wheat was passed off at 10*s*. per bushel, and oats at the same sum per quarter. Shambles meat, on an average, 4*d*. per pound, butter 10*d*. and potatoes 8*d*. per peck. These proceedings, I fear, will only have a mischievous tendency in the end, and yet it is painful to reflect to what hardships the poor have been, and indeed are still, subjected.

Rutland, Sept. 8. The most tremendous storm in the annals of the county of Rutland occurred on Wednesday morning last, from 11 o'clock until half past 2; rain fell in torrents without the intermission of a second, at Burley, near Oakham, attended with incessant thunder, lightning, and hail. The beautiful court-yard of the earl of Winchelsea's seat resembled an haven; the stables, where a flood was never known to reach before, were a foot deep with water; the office, gardens, and lofty places all around, were flooded. The water rose considerably above the walls of the fish-pond, carrying away the balustrades of the bridge, over which a boat was floated, and found lodged in a bush. Many parts of the vale of Catmos resembled the river Thames. Cattle, sheep innumerable, and every thing moveable, were carried away by the deluge, which, in the town of Oakham, was full a yard deep, obstructing the return of the women and children in the fields to their homes. The latter were obliged to wade up to their shoulders. At Empingham the water rose above the windows of two cottages on the right side of the bridge, and the inhabitants were obliged to fly to the hills.

London,

London, Sept. 9. On Friday, a black boy, ten years of age, belonging to a West-Indiaman lying off Deptford, while cleaning a mop from the stern-gallery, reached too far, and fell into the river. Some hundred yards from the place, two fishermen were employed catching flounders, and perceiving a more than ordinary pressure against their net, immediately hauled it in, and found the poor child, apparently dead, entangled in it. By pursuing, with perseverance, the means recommended by the Humane Society, he was restored to life.

Poole, Sept. 10. Large mobs have risen in many parts of this county: news was brought here this morning, that nearly 1000 people had risen in the environs of Blandford, and that they had gone into the town, and destroyed one baker's house, and were then on their way to some mills a few miles from thence. Bread is now at such a price, that unless something speedily is done to put a stop to the present monopoly, and the price of provisions reduced, the consequences must be serious.

Weymouth, Sept. 10. Last night about 500 people assembled in Blandford, from different villages in the country, in order to compel the bakers to sell the bread at 11*d.* the quartern loaf. To disperse them, the cavalry were ordered out, and an express was sent to Dorchester for a troop of Scotch Greys; 60 of them arrived this morning between 4 and 5 o'clock. A house was burnt last night in Salisbury-street, but it is not known how it happened. Every thing was quiet this morning.

Coventry, Sept. 10. For several days past symptoms of discontent have appeared, in consequence of the high price of flour, and yesterday morning the town was thrown into the greatest consternation. An express arrived about 9 o'clock, that the colliers, who are very numerous about here, were proceeding in an immense body, armed with bludgeons, &c. &c. to the town. The mayor, attended by the magistrates, upon the first alarm, proceeded a short distance out of the town, on the Leicester road, to persuade them peaceably to depart to their homes. By this time the mob had assembled in the market-place, and all the streets in the town, and proceeded to welcome the colliers on their arrival with shouts and acclamations; they then proceeded in numerous bodies to different bakers' shops, and began to plunder them, taking away all the flour they could find. The tumult now became general, and the magistrates were under the necessity of calling in the aid of the military. At a quarter past 10, a troop of the 17th regiment of dragoons arrived from the barracks, under the command of captain Ellice, when the riot act was read without effect. Mr. Wilkinson, a magistrate, was then under the necessity of ordering the dragoons to clear the streets, and proceeded himself with a party to the relief of the bakers, whose shops were again begun to be plundered. Tranquillity was not entirely restored until 6 o'clock in the evening, nor until the principal ringleaders were seised and sent to prison. Patroles are ordered to parade the streets during the night; but it is strongly feared the colliers will return with treble force.

Plymouth, Sept. 11. On Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, pursuant to sentence, was executed, on-board his Majesty's ship Picque, of 38 guns, captain Young, the mutineer who was lately apprehended at the French prison here, by a lieutenant, late of his Majesty's ship Danaë, and who was charged with being principally concerned in taking that ship from the officers, and carrying her into Brest. On his trial, he did not deny any of the charges that were advanced against him; and, as a farther aggravation of his offence against the laws of his country, he was taken in arms on-board a French privateer. He was a native of Guernsey, and had he been removed to Bristol, to which place he was about to march on the morning of detection, it is very likely he would have escaped altogether.

London, Sept. 16. A great concourse of people assembled before Mr. Weaver's house in the Borough; and he sold them provisions at reduced prices. In the evening the mob greatly increased, threw stones at the windows, and, seeming to threaten further violence, application was made to the War-office for the assistance of the military; and on the arrival of a party of dragoon guards, the rioters were dispersed.

BIRTHS.

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Aug. 20. The lady of sir Richard Bempdé Johnstone, bart. of a son, at Hackness, in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

22. At Ampton-hall, near Bury St. Edmund's, the lady of major-general lord Charles Fitzroy, of a son.

24. At Yester, the marchioness of Tweed-dale, of three sons, two of whom were still born.

25. At Walcot, Northamptonshire, the right hon. lady Charlotte Duncombe, of a son.

27. At Newington, Mrs. Marjoribanks, of Eccles, of twin daughters.

The countess of Sefton, of a son, at his lordship's house in Hill-street.

28. The lady of Frederick Hankey, esq. of a son.

31. In Lower Seymour-street, the lady of Bell Lloyd, esq. of a son.

Sept. 2. The lady of Charles Morgan, esq. M. P. at his seat in Hertfordshire, of a son.

3. The right hon. lady Mulgrave, of a daughter, at Mulgrave castle.

11. In Piccadilly, the lady of George Morris, esq. of a son.

13. The lady of Matthew Montagu, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Portman-square.

At Frant, in Sussex, the lady of Thomas Maxwell Adams, esq. of a daughter.

Mrs. Snaith, of Mansion House-street, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 23. Mr. James Crosby, of Oxford-street, silk-mercer, to miss Ann Wright, daughter of John Wright, esq. of Culgarth, in the county of Northumberland.

Mr. Edward Coats, of Oxford-street, to miss Harriot Oddy, youngest daughter of William Oddy, esq. of St. Mary Axe.

Capt. Robert Grey, of the hon. East-India Company's service, to miss Bate, of Cornhill.

26. At Rosthern, Cheshire, the rev. Robert Wright, rector of Wold, Northamptonshire, to miss Massey, eldest daughter of the late James Massey, esq. of Rostham.

William Jameson, of Dorset-street, Dublin, esq. to miss Lyster, only child of John Richard Lyster, esq. deceased.

John Tickell, esq. of Hambledon, Hants, to the right hon. lady Griselda Stanhope, second daughter of earl Stanhope.

28. By special licence, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, earl Talbot, to miss Lambert, eldest daughter of the late Charles Lambert, esq. of Beanpark, in the kingdom of Ireland. The ceremony was performed by the rev. G. Talbot.

At Hendon, Robert Kirwan, esq. of Lisbon, to miss Elizabeth Ann Bond, daughter to John Bond, esq. of Hendon.

At Weymouth, capt. Fitzgerald, of the royal navy, to miss Jane Welch.

At Netherbury church, Dorsetshire, the rev. Thomas Le Mesurier, to miss Bandinal, eldest daughter of the rev. Dr. Bandinal.

31. Robert Holden, jun. esq. to miss Drury Lowe, only daughter of Drury Lowe, esq. of Lock's park, Derbyshire.

Sept. 3. At Plymouth, George Soltau, esq. of London, to miss Symons, eldest daughter of William Symons, esq. of Chattlewood house, Devon.

4. At St. James's church, by the rev. Dr. Dowdeswell, John Edmund Dowdeswell, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, youngest son of the late right hon. William Dowdeswell, to miss Brietycke, daughter of the late C. Brietycke, esq. of St. James's place.

By special licence, Peter Wybrants Broadley, esq. son of Peter Broadley, esq. of the Borough, to miss Sophia Newington, daughter of doctor Newington, of Ticehurst, Sussex.

5. Edward Kelsey, esq. to miss Harriet S. Street.

Mr. Henry Wansey, of Warminster, Wilts, to miss Elizabeth Wansey, of Camberwell.

8. At Warnford church, in Hampshire, the rev. Mr. Upton, to Mrs. Broodon, of the same place.

At Ealing, Mr. George Boyce, son to the rev. Mr. Boyce, of Winfeild, to miss Martha Peirce, of Colnbrook.

9. God-

9. Godfrey Higgins, esq. of Skillow Grange, near Doncaster, to miss Thorpe, only daughter and heiress of the late Richard Thorpe, esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Claude Ollivier, of Boulton-street, to miss Ann Wilby, of Bond-street.

Mr. Thomas Dalby, of Winfeild, to miss Elizabeth Peirce, of Colnbrook.

10. Peter Favenc, esq. of the Old Jewry, to miss Eliza Cornwell.

Sir Charles Henry Knowles, bart. rear-admiral of the white, to miss Charlotte Johnstone, daughter of Charles Johnstone, esq. of Ludlow.

At Aldenham, Herts, captain H. Graham, of the first regiment of dragoon guards, to miss Clutterbuck, of Stanmore, second sister of Robert Clutterbuck, esq. of Cardiff, Glamorganshire.

16. William Dyke, esq. of Woodborough, Wiltshire, to miss Sophia Dobson, of Newbury, Berks.

17. By special licence, at the house of Thomas Coutts, esq. in Stratton-street, the most hon. the marquis of Bute, to miss Coutts. The ceremony was performed by the lord bishop of Winchester.

At St. Martin's church, Mr. Richard Curtis, of Holborn-bridge, to miss Bassett, of Leicester-fields.

John Kiely, esq. jun. of Belgrove, in the county of Cork, to miss Bagwell, eldest daughter of colonel Bagwell, of Marlfield, M.P. for the county of Tipperary.

DEATHS.

Aug. 19. At Newcastle, at the great age of 99 years, Mary Rippon, widow of John Rippon.

21. At Stone-house, Warbleton, Sussex, in the 72d year of his age, the rev. Henry Harcourt, many years rector of the parishes of Warbleton and Crowhurst.

22. Mr. Christopher Watson, of Mark-lane.

Mr. Thomas Winckworth, flour-factor, broken-wharf, Thames-street.

23. At his house in Portland-place, John Purling, esq. aged 78 years.

In Bennet-street, Bath, Mrs. Belford.

At Brighton, Mrs. Pitt, wife of Thomas Pitt, esq. of Wimpole-street.

24. At her house, in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, the hon. Mrs. Shirley, relict of the late hon. George Shirley, of Eatington, in the county of Warwick.

25. At her house in Portman-square, Mrs. Montagu, relict of the late Edward Montagu, esq. grandson to the first earl of Sandwich; daughter of Matthew Robinson, esq. late of West Layton, in the county of York, and of Horton, in Kent, and sister to the present lord Rokeby.

27. At her lodgings, in Down-street, Mrs. Gunning, widow of the late general Gunning.

In Dean-street, Soho, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Wray, wife of captain Wray, of the royal navy, and daughter of the late Luke Ideson, esq.

At Putney, aged 80, Samuel Lund, esq.

28. At the Hot Wells, Bristol, the rev. Dr. Burckhardt, minister of the German Lutheran congregation in the Savoy.

At Hackney Wick, after a few hours illness, the lady of colonel Beaufoy.

29. At Margate, where she went for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Williams, of Kennington-green, but late of Arlington-street, St. James's.

At Cheltenham, Zachary Bayly Edwards, esq. of Chalcot-house, Wilts.

31. At his seat at Mill-green, in Essex, Alexander Peter Allen, esq.

Sept. 1. Mr. James Helm, eldest son of Richard Helm, esq. of Kensington.

At her father's house, after a few days illness, miss Amelia Mac Arthur, youngest daughter of John Mac Arthur, esq. of York-place, Portman-square.

At Chelsea, Richard Capper, esq. a bencher of the hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn.

2. Albany Wallis, esq. of Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

At Margate, John Jenkins, esq. formerly one of the chief clerks in the office of the secretary of state for foreign affairs.

At Camden town, Mrs. Westley, wife of Mr. Westley, late treasurer of Drury-lane theatre.

William Brymer, esq. at his house in Gower-street, Bedford-square.